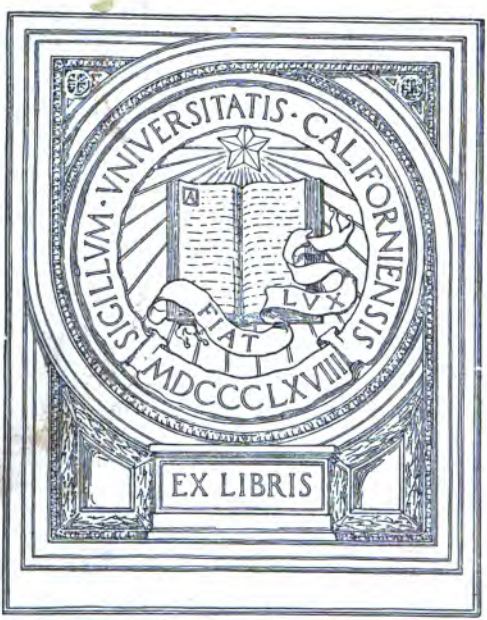
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THINGS SEEN IN NORTHERN INDIA

A STREET SCENE.

In the background is the palace of the Maharaja of Volaipur. Notice the dazzling whiteness of the buildings, and of the men's spotless garments, which are distinctive of this part of India.

THINGS SEEN IN NORTHERN INDIA

BY

T. L. PENNELL, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S.

AUTHOR OF

"AMONG THE WILD TRIBES OF THE AFGHAN FRONTIER"

WITH FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

MY WIFE

AUTHOR'S NOTE

IN offering this little book to the public, I wish to express my thanks to those who have kindly helped me, and to the authors from whose pages I have culled. Among the latter I must mention Sir Frederick Treves, whose fascinating book, "The Other Side of the Lantern," has inspired several pages, especially in Chapter V.

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CHAPTER I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

First Sight of Bombay—The Ballard Pier—First Faces—Engagement of Servants—Their Peculiarities—"Chits"—Good and Bad Points—Contrasts between East and West—Indian Etiquette—Native Bazaar—The Market—New Fruits and Vegetables—The Water-Carriers.

EVERY morning since leaving Aden the traveller has looked eastward over an unbroken expanse of sea and sky, but, on the fifth morning, he must be up betimes to receive the first salutations of the East.

The harbour of Bombay ranks with those of Naples, Sydney, and Rio de Janeiro, and it is alive with the craft of all nations, while its wharves are piled high with the merchandise of the East and the West.

First you descry the revolving gleam of the lighthouse off Colaba Point, and then a long, low

shoreline on your port bow. As you draw nearer you see the crescent-shaped bay culminating in Malabar Hill over to the left, where the fashionable residences of the rich merchants and officials nestle among beautiful hanging gardens, and then you dimly descry the fine public buildings lining the bay itself. Cocoanut palms are gleaming and waving in the light, and whispering to you the welcome of the sunny East. Over on your starboard bow you see the lovely palm-covered islands that stud the harbour, on one of which are the wonderful caves of Elephanta.

A pilot-boat has come along dancing on the waves, the mighty engines of your liner cease their throbbing for a few moments, the pilot clambers up the side, the captain's bell rings from the bridge, and you are full steam ahead again, and then slow down as you thread your way up the channel among steamers, and liners, and gun-boats, and fishing-boats, and launches, till you reach your moorings, or enter one of Bombay's many fine docks.

The P. and O. and larger steamers moor off the Ballard pier, to which you and your luggage are taken in bustling little launches, which dart about with an important air among the graceful sailing-boats and yachts. On the pier is a heterogeneous crowd of all nations in all garbs. There are the hungry coolies in their turbans and loin-cloths, and the brass badge with their number fastened round their arms, and if one of them rushes off

THE TEMPLE INTERIOR, DILWARRA.

Notice the beautiful carving of the pillars, arches, and shrine. A worshipper squatting on his heels is making an offering. The official guardian of the place stands by.

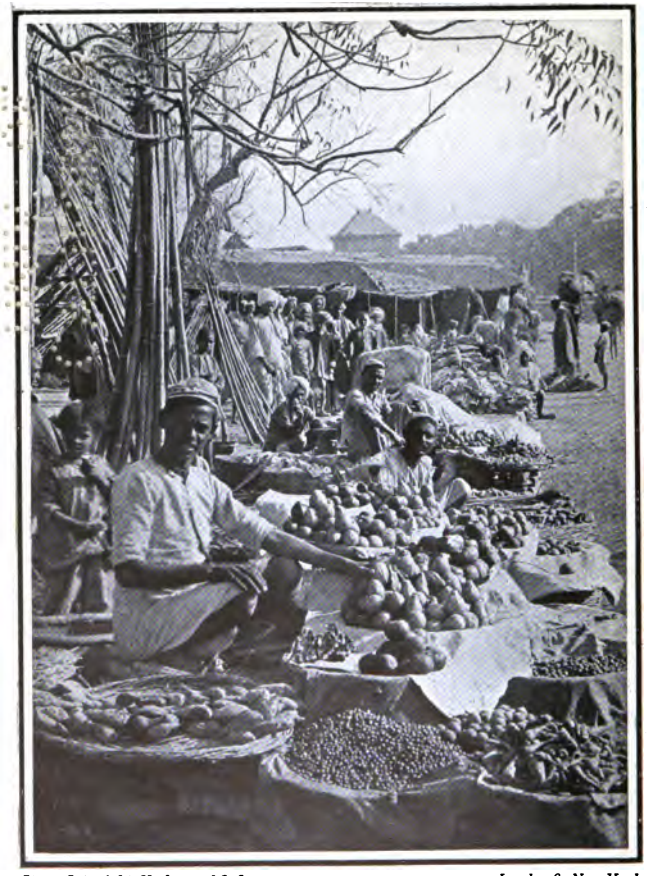
with your belongings, giving you this brass badge in exchange, do not be alarmed; that is a pledge that you will get them all safely back from him on the customs platform or at the railway-station. Then there are the uniformed touts of the various hotels clamouring for your custom; some gorgeous individuals in red coats gold-braided and bedecked are "chaprassies," or the satellites of Government officials, waiting to convey their masters or their masters' guests to their residences on Malabar Hill. Among the Europeans you see the anxious husband and father, who has come a week's journey from some jungle station to meet his wife and bairns; those who have come to welcome back some friend or chief; sunburnt faces of officers who have been on active service and won well-merited furlough; pallid faces of others who have had their health and strength sapped by climate or disease, and are now going to cooler climes in hopes of regaining them. You see, too, the gay dresses of the Parsi ladies, who, unlike their Muhammadan and Hindu sisters, mix freely in society and glitter like the roses in a Persian garden, the harmonious hues of their graceful "sáris" contrasting with the more sombre and more Western clothes of their husbands and brothers.

Beyond the customs barrier, where you have to declare what dutiable articles or firearms you have with you, is a line of shigrams and victorias waiting to convey you to your destination. Last

year the London taxicab invaded Bombay, and threatens to oust the horse traffic much as it has done already in the West.

The Bombay hotels are fine buildings, well appointed, comfortable, well served, and with an excellent cuisine, but there is this difference between them and the hotels of the West—that you are expected to bring your own "bearer," or native servant, with you.

This man performs the duty of both valet and chambermaid, and not infrequently of butler, too. You can have the choice of one soon after landing, for many of this species flock down to Bombay in expectation of securing an easy job on good pay. But beware of too precipitately engaging one, unless you are acquainted with their wiles or have the assistance of some friend who is. They appear before you, a whole row of them, all sorts and sizes, tall and short, stout and thin, good-looking and evil-looking, smiling and grave; all are clad in spotlessly white robes, but the Anglo-Indian soon learns to recognize little differences of get-up which enable him to locate the home of the wearer. Some have flat turbans: these are Suratis, mostly neat-handed and useful, willing to travel, not of high caste, and so willing to do services which others of higher caste might refuse. Some have coloured turbans, oval in shape, and speak English: these are Madrasis, and are preferred by many because they save you from the language difficulty. They are smart, deft-



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A SCENE IN THE MARKET.

The stalls are by the side of the road, the sellers sit surrounded by their various fruits and vegetables, mangoes and sugar-cane, carrots and potatoes; "falsas" and other fruits are seen.

handed though often light-fingered; they cost more, but this is made up for to the visitor by the freedom from worry that comes from having a servant whom you can understand and who can interpret. Some have neat, tall turbans, usually white, but sometimes with gold- and blue-fringes: these are the Muhammadan servants of the northern provinces. They are polite, good travellers, loyal and faithful, but as they seldom know much English they are more useful to the resident than the visitor. Very different in character and appearance is the Portuguese servant from Goa; he, being a Christian, is free from all caste restrictions, he speaks English, is usually a good cook, but he is generally expensive, and not infrequently is too fond of drink. They are all furnished with "chits," or letters of recommendation, but you have to be on your guard and make sure that the papers really do refer to the man whom you are engaging, as not infrequently good letters are misappropriated, borrowed, or even purchased by men who have none of their own, and who have no claim to the virtues described in them. Some of these "chits" are entertaining reading, and some would certainly not be tendered by the would-be servant were he able to understand the purport of what is written therein. Thus a night-watchman proffered a "chit" in which his employer had recorded, "This man sleeps sounder than any man I have yet had." A butler presented a letter in which his

sahib had written: "Abdul Karim, bearer, blest with the useful power of seeing two sides of a question at once (in other words, he has external squint), has been my bearer for four months.

"It has been a memorable time, for not only has he been attached to me personally, but, I find, he is also attached to my personalty (as the lawyers say!). His own spirits have always been good, and so, in his generous way, he has not scrupled to give mine the benefit of good company. He has kept my accounts *and* my cash—the latter he still retains. His godliness is unquestionable, for his daily prayers occupy most of the time, being rigorously performed five times a day, when I am most in need of his services—his cleanliness may develop later, as it comes next!"

When you find that a servant has six or more letters to show for the last two years, not one of them covering more than three months' service, or when he has no letter more recent than five years back, it is well to beware of him. Tourists often see the worst side of the Indian servants, and alas! the modern invasion of India has done much to ruin the race. It is not easy, but still not impossible, to meet really good servants; but these are generally to be found only in the houses of people who have been in India for many years, or for several successive generations; then the son takes on the servants of his father, and the servants get to regard themselves as

WATER-CARRIERS.

These men are laying the dust in the Maidán of Calcutta, a daily function preparatory to the promenade of the fashionable world.

members of the family, and bring up their boys with the same loyalty. For loyalty and devotion the good Indian servant is not to be beaten. He is capable, quick, intelligent, resourceful, faithful, and untiring.

Many of us have had reason to bless the devotion of an Indian servant in sickness, when, night after night, he or she will watch untiringly, and with heartwhole sympathy. I have known a servant to fast for days, hoping thereby to secure blessings for his sick master, or perhaps his master's babe. It is always a matter of surprise in camping, when one arrives tired and hungry, to find that one's servants (who have only started a couple of hours ahead) have the tents all pitched, a savoury meal ready, the books and papers all laid out as they were at the last camp, and they themselves, though probably just as tired as oneself, ready to wait on one and make one comfortable. Good Indian servants will sacrifice everything for their masters; their own interests, even their children, are of no account if they clash in any way with those of the master whose "salt they eat." The greatest horror such a man has is that of being a "nimak harám," or traitor to his salt.

But alas! it is not often now that such servants are found, for they are very particular about where they take service, and demand as high a record for their masters as they have to show for themselves.

Things Seen in Northern India

India is the land of topsy-turvy, and the visitor is surprised and amused to find everything done in just the opposite way to which he is accustomed. The shops are open-fronted, and have all their wares exposed on an erection of planks and packing-cases outside, the vendor squatting in the midst of them with a fan in one hand, which serves the double purpose of keeping himself cool and whisking the flies off his wares.

The native houses are gorgeously decorated outside even when the inside is poor and mean, and when a man has made up his mind to build himself a local habitation and a name, he first starts on a gateway, proportionate in height and size and decoration to what he considers his own dignity. Unfortunately, he is often unable to build the rest of his house on the same scale, or his resources may even become exhausted before the house is commenced, and a magnificent gateway is left in solitary grandeur with only a mean, dilapidated house inside, or even none at all.

The Persian character, in which most of the Indian languages are inscribed, is written from right to left, and a native book begins, so to speak, at the end and reads backwards. In the Persian character, instead of the writing being on the line, it is over it, or above it, or under it, or all three at once, and the diacritical points are dotted about wherever there is a convenient free space, or left out altogether at the fancy of the

penman, so that it is impossible to read the character without knowing the meaning of the words and their context. Thus the same sign with the diacritical points omitted may be "b" or "p" or "t" or "s" or "th," and only the context enables you to decide which. When this writing appears on tiles, painted walls, carpets, or rugs, the writing is usually beautifully distinct and graceful, the diacritical points are all there, yet the writing is an enigma to the unpractised because the letters are arranged where they look æsthetically prettiest rather than with any regard to grammatical sequence. One word may be intercalated in the centre of another, the centre letters of a word may be placed above those of the beginning or end of the word instead of between them, while the diacritical points appear almost anywhere and seem to belong promiscuously to a number of letters together. As the object of the artist is to display his skill and please the eye, it is of little moment to make the writing plain to the ordinary mortal. Some of the Indian characters, however, such as Gurmukhi and Shastri, read from left to right like ours.

The Eastern covers his head, but leaves his feet bare, thinks it important to keep the head warm and the feet cool, and when he goes into his mosque, temple, or other place of worship, carefully removes his shoes from his feet, but keeps his head covered. It is a grave breach of decorum for a man to remove his turban in company without

first asking permission, and your Indian servant would as soon come into your presence with bare head as your English servant would with bare feet. Sometimes inferior servants take advantage of the ignorance of newly arrived sahibs to perpetrate little acts of rudeness which pass unnoticed, but which anyone acquainted with the country would not tolerate. They perhaps do not remove their shoes, or bind their turban like a "munshi' (or clerk) instead of like a "khit" (butler), or speak disrespectfully because they are imperfectly understood.

In eating and drinking, too, the native customs in many ways contrast with ours; tables, chairs, spoons, forks and all such appurtenances of a conventional civilization are entirely dispensed with. The meal often begins with the sweets, or all the dishes are placed on the cloth at once and the guest makes his selection. It is not only allowable, but a compliment to the host and his excellent dinner to eructate at the end of the meal, and finish up by licking the fingers and washing out the mouth into the basin that is passed round. When drinking tea, to sip it with a loud, smacking noise only shows how much you appreciate it, and if you do not want your cup refilled, you must invert it in your saucer.

With the exception of the Parsis, men do not walk abroad with their women-folk. If a man has to take his wife or sister out, he will walk unconcernedly ahead while she walks at a respectful

AN INDIAN BAZAAR.

This represents a street in a small town. Notice how the women balance their vessels on their heads.

distance behind with her eyes cast down, not daring to incur his wrath by glancing at any man who may chance to pass.

When one man beckons to another to come, he turns his hand downwards and beckons down. When he mounts his horse, he does so from the offside, and he clicks to make it stop and not to make it go.

The traveller will soon notice other points, too, in which the custom of the East is in contrast with that of the West. The tourist must not leave Bombay without visiting the native part of the city, where jostling, bustling crowds of all races and religions are buying and selling in truly Oriental fashion. He must visit, too, the fine markets of the town, where not only are all kinds of edibles to be had in profusion, but excellent bargains in all kinds of Oriental art can be readily purchased.

In the fruit and vegetable market you can get not only the kinds which you have been accustomed to in the West—and much cheaper, too, for the most part—but a number of strange ones which will probably be new to you, and others which you know well in the imported form but which you have never tasted so delicious and fresh as you can get them here. Such are the mangoes and bananas for which Bombay is specially famous, and good varieties of which are esteemed by many the most delicious fruits in existence. The deliciously flavoured rosy red banana is so different

from the large, tasteless, potato-like fruit you often get elsewhere, that you might imagine it a different fruit altogether. Mangosteens, shalils, and letchees, among other fruits, are other delicate novelties that can be purchased here. In the hot season immense quantities of melons are eaten by the people of North India, and in the autumn the bazaars are full of sugar-cane. The melons are of all kinds—musk melons, water melons, big ones, small ones, every shade of green and yellow and brown. The melon is one of the most popular national fruits, and the amount that can be consumed by one man on a hot summer's day is something appalling. In the villages of the Punjab a melon feast out in the fields some summer day is a sight you will long remember, and if you have been tempted to eat with the generosity and courage of the people you will remember it longer still, unless indeed you succumb on the spot. The men and boys gather under some shady tree or grove, and the melons are brought and piled up in the centre of the group, till you think there must be at least a donkey-load to each man and boy; then those who possess knives commence cutting them into slices, and these disappear as quickly as cut; the musk melons (called "hinduanis") are opened by cutting out a square piece from one side and first consuming the juicy pulp.

At the end of the feast little is left but the seeds and the strips of rind scattered about which

SNAKE-CHARMERS.

These men are met with in all the large towns, earning their livelihood by showing their legerdemain with their pythons and cobras.

the cows and sheep collect round to devour, and the diners arrange their beds in the shadiest and coolest places and soon fall into a profound slumber, from which they do not rise till the cooler breezes of the late afternoon have begun to blow.

When the sugar-cane is in season it is the most prominent feature in the bazaar. You see great sheaves of it piled up everywhere, and you can get a fine, long, juicy stalk for a halfpenny. Or you can go to the stall where it is sold ready peeled and cut up by a special machine into little pieces of an inch long, which can conveniently be put into the mouth whole, and which slake the thirst and cool the mouth in a way which is testified to by their great popularity. The peasant does not care to pay the slightly extra cost of having his cane cut up for him, and can be seen breaking a thick stalk across his knee, and then getting a grip of the rind with his molars, and wrenching it off in long strips and then chewing up the juicy pith with great gusto. The bits of rind and the chewed remnants of the pith litter up the whole bazaar, and sweepers are constantly at work gathering them together into baskets, which they empty into a cart, and when the cart is full it is cleared outside the city.

Among the popular Oriental vegetables, the egg-plant, karéla, and lady's fingers are universally popular. The egg-plant is known in India

as "bringal" or "bhengan," and is made up by native cooks in a variety of delicious ways. The karéla is very bitter, but is very popular with some who prepare it stuffed with condiments and mincemeat. The lady's fingers are known to the natives as "turis," and are very mucilaginous, and form an excellent hot-weather dish. The conical bright red "chilies" or red peppers are seen everywhere, and form a part of almost every meal in many parts of India, especially in the United Provinces, and are an important ingredient in curries.

As you passed along the streets you cannot fail to have noticed the men who are engaged in laying the dust and cooling the air by sprinkling water out of skins (called "mashks") which they carry slung over one shoulder. They are a special class of Muhammadans called "bihishtis," and are among the most indispensable and welcome servants in the thirsty East. Readers of Kipling will remember the heroic feats of bravery performed by the humble Gunga Din, the regimental bihishti, when he brought the precious liquid to the thirsty men, reckless of the hail of bullets raining death around him. Their skins are prepared goat-skins, and they fill them at the public tanks, or water standards, or country wells, and bear them off to sprinkle the roads or fill the pots and jars and baths in the houses of their employers. Though they are ready enough to take service with a Christian, yet they would not think of drinking

A JAIN TEMPLE.

This is one of the most beautiful temples of Calcutta, and, indeed, of all India. It was built by a rich Hindu of the Jain persuasion, chiefly of white marble, but most elaborately carved and decorated.

from your cup or accepting any food which you had touched; to do one or the other would be to degrade them in the eyes of their caste (or "barádari," as it is called), and necessitate some act of expiation before they would be received again by their fellows.

CHAPTER II

THE PEOPLE OF THE COUNTRY

The Variety of the East—How to Recognize the People—An Afghan Merchant—A Sikh Soldier—A Bengali Babu—Wilayati *v.* Swadeshi—The Parsis—The Pardah Lady—Mahratta Women—Rajput Women—Chumárs—Change of Costume and Manners in the North—Railway Travelling—Indian Habits—Betel-nut—Indian Postures—Social Amenities—A Travelling Episode.

A GREAT charm of an Eastern city lies in its great variety—variety of face and of race, of costume and custom, of language and religion. The richness of colour, the diversity of habiliment, the kaleidoscopic changes of life bewilder the new-comer, and he returns to his home or his hotel with the confused sense of one who has just awoke from a dream of fairyland. But as his acquaintance with the people widens and deepens cosmos evolves out of chaos, and he learns to attach a little fact in history, in religion, in social economics to each lineament of the features, each touch of colour, each fold of dress, and each peculiarity of habit, as he meets with it. And herein lies the intense interest which makes

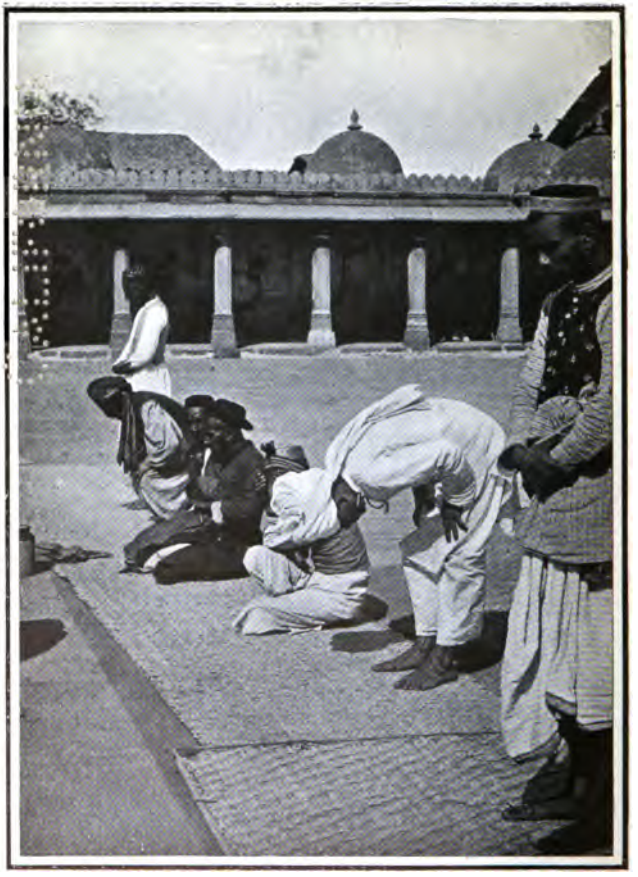
one never tire of watching the tide of life in a native bazaar or the crowd on a railway-platform.

There you see a man who has hastily alighted from a railway-carriage at some wayside station, glanced up at the sun, then at his own shadow, spread a mat on the platform, and commenced a series of genuflexions. He is a Muhammadan saying one of the five daily prayers appointed to the faithful. He had to look at the sun to see the direction of Mecca; he looked at his shadow to see if the appointed time had come for the afternoon prayers; he spread the mat because the platform would be ceremonially impure for the act of prayer. Look at his bushy beard, his baggy trousers, the conical cap peeping up through the folds of his turban, the stout, strongly soled, hob-nailed shoes he has just put off from his feet before stepping on the mat: he is an Afghan trader from the North-West Frontier.

See there a couple of broad-shouldered, strapping fellows six feet tall at least. Their turbans are voluminous, appearing to get broader and broader as they rise from their heads, each fold laid with scrupulous neatness and accuracy over the last. The corners of their beards attract your attention at once, for the beard appears to be parted at the middle of the chin and each half rolled together into a single lock which appears to be fastened up to their ears. Their trousers of white cotton are as tightly fitting as those of the Afghan are baggy. They have much more of

the gentleman in their appearance than the big, blustering Afghan. These are Sikh soldiers from one of the regiments recruited in the Punjab. If they have got swords, then you may know them to be native officers.

As a great contrast to these two types, you see a man of five foot six or thereabouts; his head is bare, his black hair well combed and glossy; as likely as not he is wearing spectacles; he has a jacket and waistcoat, but his nether garments strike you as much more peculiar; they appear to be a strip of fine cotton cloth wrapped round the loins, reaching a little below the knees, but so tucked up before and behind as to leave a considerable part of the legs exposed. This garment is called a "dhoti," and is characteristic of a Hindu, and taken with the uncovered head points out the Bengali babu. He will probably have an umbrella, and in his part of India he has to use it not only for the sun but for the rain too, for there the rains are heavy and frequent. If you visit him in his village among the rice-fields of Bengal you will most likely find that he has dispensed with most of his outfit; but two articles he will certainly stick to—the "dhoti" and the umbrella. I remember a characteristic but amusing sight I saw while touring on the Brahmaputra River in Bengal. Some fishermen were out in a canoe when a sudden squall arose. With much difficulty they reached the shore. The rain was torrential, the waves threatened every moment to engulf the boat, and



MUHAMMADANS PRAYING.

They were photographed in a mosque in Ahmadabad, and show some of the different attitudes laid down by the law of Islam. The man on the mat, on the left of the picture, is the Imám, or leader of the prayers. The two men standing have arrived late, and are saying the preliminary sentences.

it was only by vigorous baling they brought the boat ashore. Their only clothing was a strip of cotton cloth sufficient to cover your tea-table; but scarcely had they moored their frail craft to the bank than each man suddenly produced an umbrella from somewhere under the planking, and, putting it up, squatted underneath. When first the Swadeshi rage took Calcutta, the babus were subjected to no little hardship, for nearly all the umbrellas in the Calcutta bazaars were of cheap European manufacture, and it took some time before the manufacturers of Indian-made articles could cope with the demand. Meanwhile the Bengalis had to brave sunshine and rain or else have their "wilayati" article seized and broken before their eyes.

The Parsis are readily recognized; their clothes are of a very Western cut, but their headdress at once distinguishes them; the tall stiff hat is something like a chimney-pot with the brim cut off and the crown knocked in, and the kind of depression or pocket in the crown is apparently useful as a receptacle for various small objects, such as pocket-handkerchiefs or spectacle-cases. This hat is a lineal descendant of the one their ancestors used to wear in Persia, and which may be seen delineated in the ancient Assyrian sculptures. Another form of hat is smaller, much like a grey billycock hat, with a small, tightly wound "pagri" taking the place of a brim.

The Parsi ladies form a brilliant exception to

the almost universal seclusion of the women of the North, and their harmoniously coloured and tastefully arranged dresses form one of the most picturesque features in the streets of Bombay and some other large cities. The most conspicuous part of the dress is the "sári," a piece of brightly coloured silk 4 feet by 18 feet, which is first fastened round the waist, and then brought over the right shoulder and fastened on the top of the head. While education among women in general in India is exceedingly backward, the Parsi community is foremost in this matter, and not only are almost all their women literate, but they take the same part in household and public life that women in the West do, and form charming hostesses, while many of them have achieved distinction in science and in art.

Contrast with this an object which you often see flitting silently and noiselessly through the bazaars of the North, a being clothed from head to foot in a single garment of white, literally, one might say, from the top of the head, for the garment lies flat on the crown of the head, and then falls over in long folds on every side, rendering the features and the outline of the body invisible, while the wearer gets a partial view of the outside world from a couple of square inches of lattice-work let in over each eye. This is the lady of a respectable Muhammadan family; she has probably never spoken to a man except her own father, brother, husband, or son. In the

THE GATEWAY TO AKBAR'S TOMB.

This is to be seen in Sikandra, five miles from Agra. Akbar himself, the greatest of the Moghul Emperors, was a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. The minarets are sixty feet in height, and the tomb itself lies farther back beyond the gateway.

richer and stricter families even this liberty of walking abroad in the shroud of a "burka" is denied, and they are kept so rigorously within the four walls of the zenana that they never see the outside world, or the face of any man but their husband.

The Hindu woman appears in different dress according to the part of India you are in. In Bombay, on first landing, you may see many Hindu ladies bareheaded, with nose-rings and jewels galore, and cotton "sáris" rather unbecomingly draped about the limbs, like the Hindu man's "dhoti," and an embroidered shawl round their shoulders.

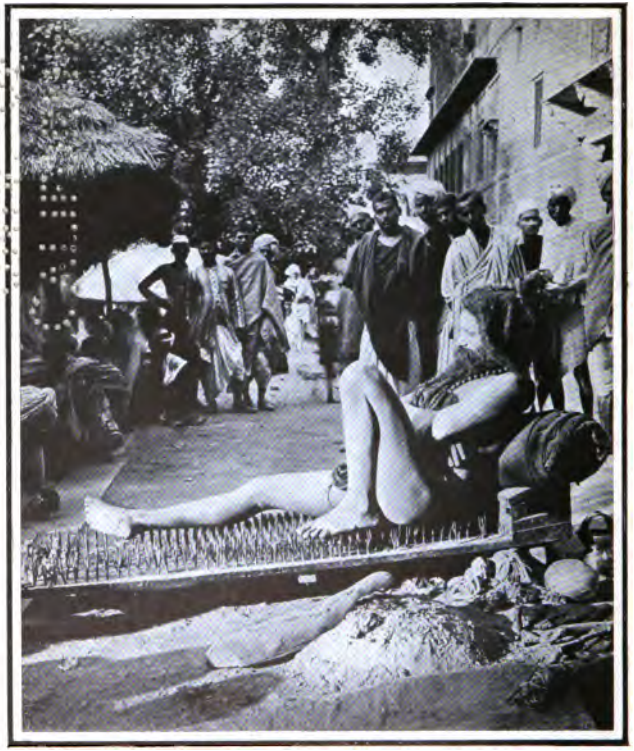
Then Mahratta women and the lower classes wear cotton "sáris," with one end draped over their heads, and a skimpy bodice that leaves a wide area of epidermis visible between the chest and waist. The colours they wear are almost always dark blue and red, but sometimes green. If your way north is through Guzerat the women's dress gets prettier. Here the dainty Guzerathi women are draped in pretty shades of pink or mauve, or delicate tints of primrose. They are better looking than the Mahrattas, more daintily built, and have not the ugly mode of dragging back their hair that makes the Hindus in Bombay so often unpleasing.

The ladies among these are all educated to some extent, some only in their own vernaculars (Mahratti and Kanarese in the more southern

part of the province, and Guzerathi in the northern), others go to high-schools and matriculate, and a few, especially in the larger towns like Bombay, Baroda, and Ahmedabad, are graduates.

Naturally, they are all out of "pardah." But now you come to Rajputana—that land of heroes. The finer features of this race of potential princes strike you immediately—their dignified carriage and courteous bearing. The women, too, though not so much in evidence as farther south, are much more attractive than the Hindus of Bombay. The traveller only sees glimpses of some of the poorer ones, and so can form little idea of the splendid specimens that live and move and have their being behind the palace walls, it may be, or in the rich homes of the better classes. Amongst the Kathiawari and Rajput princesses there are a few notable examples of educated women, educated and travelled, who still manage to live the life of an Indian Rani and enjoy the ceremoniousness of it all!

A visit to the larger towns on this route, Baroda, Rajkot, Udaipur, Jaipur, would give infinite variety in types—each State has its own special type of retainer, of custom, of vehicle, even of turban and colour scheme. Not only are the buildings characteristic, but even the colour-washing of the walls; naturally the types of men and women vary as well. But the Guzerathi type is more or less predominant in the more southerly and the Rajput in the more northerly.



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A HINDU ASCETIC.

A spectacular performance by a "Sádhu," who is sitting on a bed of spikes in order to earn merit from the gods, and reverence and money from the admiring bystanders.

In these latter the Muhammadan influence is seen, in the more veiled form of even the Hindu women; their "chadars" are pulled right across their faces, leaving sometimes only an eye visible.

Nearing Delhi the most prominent type beside the "burka-ed" Muhammadan shuffling along in her heelless slippers is the "chumár" woman, with her full skirts, bedecked coloured "chadar," and ornaments, anklets, bangles, etc. Her coiffure is extraordinary; her hair is dressed high on her head, and dressed with silver pins and ornaments of various shapes. Some of them have nose-rings; most have little pendants on their foreheads.

At Delhi there is a constant procession of Hindus, men and women of all classes, going in groups, the men together and the women together, to the river to bathe.

The women are gaily dressed, the richer ones in bright silk petticoats with sketchy bodices and voluminous white "chadars," the poorer in full cotton skirts, and coloured "chadars" over their heads; ankles and toes are always bejewelled, as well as arms, neck, ears, nose, and forehead; but the feet are all you see in passing. They carry pots for the holy water, and brass vessels with flowers, jasmine, and roses for the gods.

The little girls are miniature copies of their mothers; when quite small they usually accompany their men relations, and it is only when they are ten that they begin the more coy methods of their mothers! Muhammadan girl children are

very strictly kept, and in the better classes are sometimes put into "pardah" at the age of four, so those seen in the streets are often only children of the poor.

The farther north you travel and the more Muhammadan the country in which you are, the stricter is the "pardah" or seclusion of the women. Hindus originally had no "pardah," but in the days of Muhammadan conquest they introduced both that and the custom of early marriage, in order to save their girls from being carried off to Muhammadan houses.

You are sure to have noticed in your first railway journey in India that certain carriages are labelled "for Europeans and Eurasians only," while others are specialized for Indian passengers. This often seems undesirable to some who have pronounced theories on what should be the relations of the races, especially when the theorists are newly arrived in the country; but such is the diversity in habits and customs that this arrangement is unavoidable, and helps to diminish the frequency of those unfortunate incidents which are usually made the most of by the worse class of vernacular newspapers to stir up racial strife and hatred. The Indian is essentially courteous and gentlemanly, and seldom wilfully offends the susceptibilities of his fellow-travellers, but some of his habits are repugnant to the Western, and it is to be feared that in recent years we have seen the rise of a class of students who have been

imbued with the idea that it is patriotic to be rude and offensive, and that a swaggering manner excites respect. But we should be slow to condemn them, as the real Indian is scrupulously polite, and these unmannered youths are the creation of a false educational policy, for which we ourselves are largely responsible.

The Indian is as fond of chewing "pán," or betel-nut, as the Western is of smoking, and this stains the mouth an unpleasant red, and causes a free flow of red-stained saliva, the expectoration of which is offensive to the European traveller, as is also the frequent clearing of the throat by loud hawking indulged in by many Indians. There is less reason for the European smoker to object to the imposing hubble-bubble, or "hookah," which is the constant companion of the Indian whether rich or poor, and which is after all a less injurious way of smoking the fragrant weed than that in vogue in the West, though certainly much more cumbersome.

One often sees travellers of the poorer classes tramping along the roads with all their belongings wrapped up in a bundle with their blanket or quilt, and carried over their shoulder, and yet supporting in their other hand a hookah as big as their head, from which they take frequent whiffs as they plod their weary way along; and one thinks that there must indeed be some real gratification in the weed to induce them to add so much to their burden for its sake, while yet

they are willing to subsist on a meagre diet of bread and pulse, and dispense with almost every comfort. But the hookah seems to have another virtue, and to afford excuses for short halts and the interchange of light gossip, and you will often see your coachman or other servant keep you waiting while he runs aside for a few puffs at a wayside hookah, and tells the other men who are squatting round something about the ways and whims of the sahib in whose train fate has for the time being brought him; and his recreations are so few, and his life so sombre, that one does not like to curtail this one little fancy in which he indulges.

Another Indian custom which is offensive to many Europeans is that of removing their shoes and then drawing their feet up on to the seat or cushion on which they are seated. An Eastern can sit tailor-fashion all the day in the greatest comfort, and the "Sadhus" or religious mendicants can sit placidly for hours with their limbs contorted into the most extraordinary positions; indeed, they have an elaborate system in which the effect of each posture on the body and the mind is fully described. Sitting in one posture is curative for liver complaints; in another for lung diseases, and so on, while each phase of contemplation has its own appropriate posture.

Before allowing these Eastern peculiarities to jar on our nerves, we must remember that many things we do are equally repugnant to them, and

A SCENE IN JAIPUR.

This fantastic and magnificent building is called the Hall of the Winds. Notice the Raja's elephants going up the street. On days of ceremony the plain mattress-like saddles are replaced by magnificent howdahs of gold and silver, carved and jewelled, and set off with rich cloths and silks.

that as each gets to know the other better, all the little causes of friction get removed. Every traveller who can mix happily with the people of the country and leave a good impression behind him is contributing his quota towards the solution of a great social question and rendering a national service, while each one who by too imperious a manner, or too great readiness to take offence where none is meant, excites an antipathy in the hearts of those he meets, is rendering the promotion of national goodwill more difficult.

There is a story that a Hindu and a Muhammadan gentleman were both just about to get into a railway-carriage together. One bowed to the other, and said, "Honoured sir, you first." "No, my lord, after you," the other replied. Other polite phrases were interchanged; each insisted on the other taking precedence, the whistle blew, the train started, and the two were left behind on the platform as polite as ever.

Once I was travelling by the night mail from Lahore to Peshawar; I was wearing entirely native clothes; the native compartment was crowded, but in the European compartment was a solitary Thomas Atkins. Being desirous of a good night's rest, I essayed to enter his compartment; but he seized the handle and said, "No, you don't; this is for Europeans only." I remarked that I was, after all, an Englishman. "Don't tell me any of your blooming lies!" was the only reply. I found a more welcome reception, if not a more

comfortable night's rest, in the native compartment after all.

If you are travelling with Indians, great care must be exercised when either you or they are eating. They are exceedingly punctilious in preserving their food and drink from contact with anyone of another religion, and if you were to touch their vessel of drinking water or their food, they would quite probably be unable to touch either. On the other hand, if you are having your meal in the train, you should try to avoid contact with them, and remember that the eating of beef is a sin to the Hindu, while the Muhammadan looks on anything connected with swine with inexpressible abhorrence. There are, of course, different degrees of this in different parts of the country and among different castes. The Brahman Hindu is by far the most exclusive of all, while the educated Muhammadan is usually ready to share any food, barring swine's flesh, with his European fellow-traveller. Modern education and railway travelling are rapidly breaking down many of the old barriers of caste.

CHAPTER III

THE COUNTRY AND ITS CLIMATE

Ancient India—The Canals of the Country—The Plains of the North—Cornfields—Bengal—Rajputana—Sandstorms—The Monsoon—The Areas of Greatest Heat—Travelling Outfit—Guarding against Malaria—Milk and Water—Varieties of Headdress—Their Significance—Baths and Bathing.

DURING the railway journey from Bombay to the North, the traveller passes through what is geologically the oldest part of India. The gneiss of Bundelkand, near which the line to Allahabad passes, is the oldest. The Aruvalli range of hills in Southern Rajputana is a range of archæan rocks, older than any other mountain in India. Next comes the Vindhya Range, which is passed on the line from Bombay to Delhi; these are of old Palæozoic pre-silurian rocks. The mighty Himalayas are babies geologically in comparison with these ancient formations. Yet the Himalayas have made India what it is in more ways than one. They have formed the great land barrier which has secured India from invasion from the North, and compelled conquering kings

to seek for a precarious passage for their armies over the snow-girt passes of the Hindu Kush, or down the rocky and fatal defiles of Afghanistan. They have rendered possible the teeming population of the great northern plains of India, some parts of which are the most thickly populated parts of the world's surface. Their lofty snow-fields and glaciers have fed the mighty rivers of Bengal and the Panjab, reckoning from west to east the Indus, Jhelum, Chenab, Ravi, Beas, Jamna, Ganges, and Brahmaputra. All have their rise here, and bring down incalculable quantities of fertilizing alluvium, and water thousands of square miles of thirsty ground. Government has come to the help of Nature, and by means of some of the most wonderful engineering schemes in the world has brought the priceless water, through canals which pass over and under rivers and surmount all obstacles, to parts of the country which were once desert, but are now dotted over with populous and thriving villages. If the tourist would like to see something of these marvellous engineering works, let him pay a visit to Rurki on the Oudh and Rohilkand Railway, and see the take-off of the great Ganges Canal. Three hundred years ago the Mughal Emperors had some canals constructed in the United Provinces, but the alignments were faulty, and they proved of little use. The present canals serve not only for irrigating thousands of acres of land which would otherwise lie barren, but they form important waterways

GRASS-CARRIERS IN THE HILLS.

These sturdy mountaineers are carrying hay into the Simla market.

between some of the large towns, and boats laden with grass, corn, wood, and merchandise can be constantly seen being towed and quanted up and down there. Following a delightful old Indian custom, shady trees have been planted along their banks, thus furnishing the traveller with long avenues of cool shade by the waterside, where he can travel in comfort at times when all the country round is a parched and burning wilderness.

The traveller may cover 1,500 miles from Karachi to Calcutta, and not pass through a single tunnel or see a single hill worthy of the name anywhere near him. For a great part of the journey, however, he will see the mighty peaks of the Himalayas far away on the northern horizon. Starting from Karachi, he journeys up the valley of the Indus into the Panjab, and passes through one of the greatest corn-producing countries of the world. In the summer months, after the harvest has been reaped, the railway line to Karachi cannot cope with the enormous traffic thrown upon it, and the station platforms and storerooms can be seen piled up with innumerable sacks of wheat all waiting transport across the seas. Between Multan and Lahore he will be in a neighbourhood which was once a howling wilderness inhabited only by jackals and cattle thieves, but which has been converted by splendid canals into a land of smiling villages and waving cornfields. As he travels eastward from Delhi towards Calcutta, the character of the

scenery changes. It is still the same alluvial plain, the alluvial soil being never less than 600 feet deep, but the rainfall gradually increases towards the East, so that the vegetation becomes more and more luxuriant, until in Eastern Bengal the ground is hidden in a dense jungle of tropical growth, and the villages nestle in deep groves of bananas and palms. There is not a vestige of wheat now, but fields upon fields of rice standing out of a half inundated country. You no longer see the flat mud roofs of the Panjab villages, but thatched sloping roofs capable of standing rainproof in downpours which would wash a Panjab house away. Instead of the dry, crisp air of the Northern Province, which even in the heat of summer does not entirely lose its freshness, there is a saturation of the atmosphere resembling the humid atmosphere of a Victoria Regia hothouse, and for a great part of the year you live in a continual perspiration.

The cold of a Panjab night is something that surprises the visitor, who never thought of associating a hard frost with the plains of India, and in January and February it is quite the usual thing for shallow pools in the open to freeze over every night in the northern and western districts of the Panjab, and friends like to gather round a blazing log fire and imagine themselves in Old England again. On the other hand, frosts and fires are unknown in Bengal, and the continually warm moist atmosphere has an enervating effect on

CANAL SCENE.

This canal has been cut from the River Jamna, and supplies a treeless waste in the United Provinces between Delhi and Agra. It is used not only for bringing the fertilizing water to the thirsty fields, but also as a waterway for traffic, and some of the freight-boats are seen to the left in the picture.

those long exposed to it. The United Provinces are, as might be supposed, betwixt and between, approximating to the Panjab in the west and to Bengal in the east. Then there are the vast plains of Rajputana, which are a veritable fairy-land for the tourist in the winter months, but after the last tourist has embarked on his homeward journey become a raging furnace, where the relentless sun pours down its unmitigated rays on a baking soil. A great part of Rajputana is an almost waterless, treeless, and trackless desert with just an oasis here and there. Jeysulmir and Bikanir are two such little emeralds in the midst of a vast desert, well worth a visit, but so remote from the beaten track that the tourist usually passes them by. This great sandy desert not only greatly enhances the summer temperature of the neighbouring parts of India, but supplies the sandstorms which are characteristic phenomena of these parts in the summer months, and which can be watched sweeping up like a towering wall of blackness, and then burst on you with a rushing whirlwind which threatens to tear your doors and windows from their frames, and clothes everything that is exposed to it in a deep carpet of dust and sand, while you are enveloped for an hour, or sometimes several hours, in a Stygian darkness.

The chief climatic event of India is the south-west monsoon, which usually reaches the south-west coast of the peninsula in May and attains

its full force in North India by the end of June. On the rains brought by this monsoon the greater part of India depends for its harvest, and a failure of the monsoon must entail widespread distress and not improbably famine. As the plains of Upper and Central India warm up with the increasing altitude of the sun in the spring months, an area of depression (or lowered barometric pressure) forms over the United Provinces. This deepens and extends, and causes a current of warm, moist air from the equatorial regions of the Indian Ocean to flow towards it. The sky has been cloudless for months, every particle of moisture seems to have evaporated from the parched ground, vegetation is brown, dry, and sapless, man, bird, and beast are panting and listless. Then a dark, leaden line of clouds is seen on the south-western horizon, the sky becomes overcast, a few large drops of rain fall, and seem to hiss as they touch the heated ground. A few minutes longer and the sky is black with clouds, and the rain is coming down in torrents. The whole face of Nature changes as though by magic—men and women begin to smile and chat joyfully together, animal life revels in an exuberance of joy, grass seems to grow under your feet, and vegetation becomes fresh and verdant everywhere. The ryots collect in mosque and temple to thank a beneficent Creator, and all Nature takes up the refrain.

Visitors who have never travelled much often

A TANK AT ALWAR.

This tank, bordered with kiosks, is one of the most beautiful spots in India. On the south side is seen the beautiful marble mausoleum of a distinguished ancestor of the reigning prince.

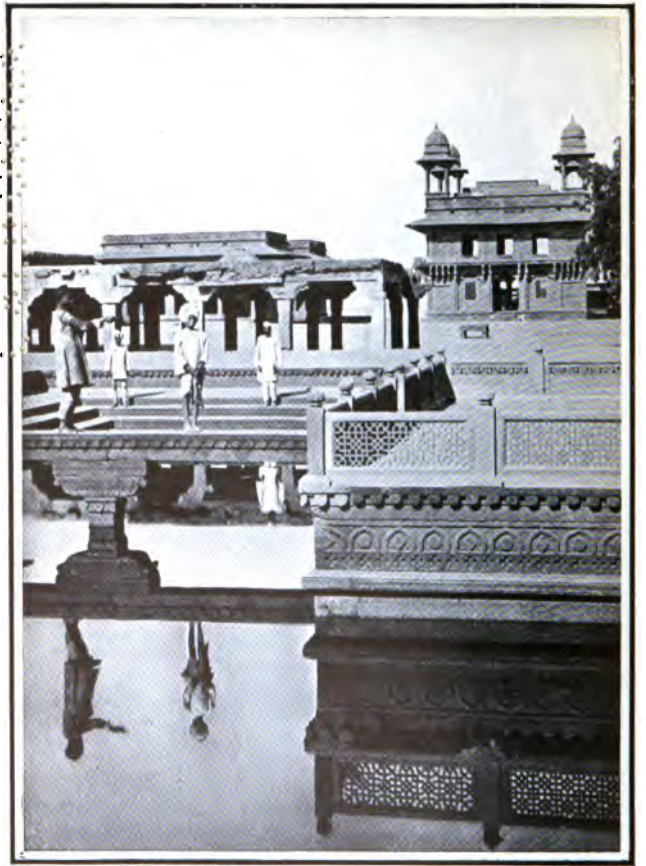
imagine that the climate of India must be hotter the nearer one travels to the Equator. Of course, it is nothing of the kind; many factors influence temperature much more strongly than latitude. The town where the highest temperature in all India is registered is Jacobabad, right up on the North-West Frontier, and here the shade temperature in July may reach 123° F. The area of greatest summer temperature moves gradually northward and westward in the months of May, June, and July. Taking India as a whole, May is the hottest month, but the north-west is then still comparatively cool, and the hottest parts are Central India and Southern Rajputana. After the monsoon has cooled down peninsular India, by far the hottest part is the Western Punjab and Sindh, for here the monsoon has little power, as the heat of the plains and the absence of mountains enables the moisture-bearing currents to retain their moisture till they impinge on the southern slopes of the Himalayas.

The winter visitor will probably enjoy his tour better if he takes these climatic facts into consideration, and visits Calcutta in December, when it is at the height of its season and in the midst of Christmas festivities, and then journeys westwards and spends January in the United Provinces, February in Rajputana, and March in the Punjab. It is the custom in India to carry your bedding about with you, and for winter travelling in the north you will need plenty of rugs and wraps.

There are two articles which are manufactured very excellently and very cheaply in the country, and which form part of the bedding of every native traveller except the very poorest. One is a "darri," or a thick, closely woven cotton rug. They are very largely manufactured by the prisoners in the gaols, and are very durable, and often of very beautiful patterns and colours. This is used to spread on the bed, mattress, carriage seat, or even, maybe, on the bare ground, and keeps the bedding clean. The Indians habitually use it as a hold-all, and roll their bedding up in it and then tie it with cords or straps. The other article which travellers are recommended to purchase in India is a native quilt, or "răzai." This is a cotton or silk cover stuffed with cotton-wool, and may be purchased in any quality to suit rich or poor.

The poorer classes in the north possess nothing more than a "răzai" and a "darri," and sometimes only the former. When they travel they use the "răzai" instead of a coat (which the really poor seldom possess), throwing it over their shoulders, or often over their heads, to shield their poorly clad bodies and limbs from the cutting winds.

The traveller must guard against malaria by suitable protection against mosquito bites, and he must remember that though a chill cannot by itself cause ague, yet it will both predispose the body to infection and precipitate an attack in a parasite-carrier, and very many people



PALACE AT FATEHPUR SIKRI.

This deserted city is twenty-two miles from Agra. It was once the scene of some of the most brilliant pageants of the Moghal Emperors, and here brilliant courts were held and ambassadors received; but after Akbar's death it was left to the jackals and owls, while the court moved to Agra and Delhi.

harbour and carry the parasites who have never had an attack of ague, and consider themselves to be quite free from malaria. It is very little trouble to take five grains of quinine prophylactically two or three times a week, and this will save the traveller many useful days for sightseeing, which would otherwise be passed shivering and sweating in bed.

He must also be very careful to avoid drinking unboiled water from uncertain sources, as cholera, typhoid, and other diseases may be readily communicated in this way.

In the native bazaars the milk-vendor's shop is always much in evidence, and it is different from a London dairy shop in every particular except the one that milk can be purchased there. The shop is grimy, the salesman reminds you of a pitman or coalheaver, and he is squatting over a big caldron of boiling milk, but therein is the saving feature, and just because the milk is boiling the other factors count for little, and you may safely take a glass of the milk sweetened with some sugar or "batási" from the confectioner whose shop you will always find close at hand. You may not think it appetizing, but it is quite safe. On the other hand, it is a safe rule for a traveller never to drink milk that has not been boiled, even though it be given him in a crystal glass amid the spotless appointments of the refreshment-room of a first-class hotel.

The protection of the head and spine from the

sun is another matter which claims some thought and consideration from the tourist. The Bengali protects his bare head with an umbrella; in other parts of India some form or other of the turban is in vogue. This is undoubtedly quite as efficient a protector from the sun's rays as a solar topi, and very much more artistic and convenient; but as it requires some little apprenticeship to fold it correctly, and some little patience to get accustomed to it, few Europeans except officers of Indian cavalry regiments take to it. There is no part of the dress which tells you more of the country, race, profession, and status of the man you meet than the "pagri."

The Mahratta's pagri is formed of so many folds, and it is of such importance to get them all absolutely correct, that the folding of the turban has become a trade of its own, and the turban once made up is never unrolled. At the other end of the scale we have the Punjabi peasant, who has merely a strip of plain white cloth which he can bind on his head in the act of getting out of a railway carriage or answering you a question. Many races have a round or conical cap worn inside the turban, this being first placed on the head, and then the pagri wound round it. The caps worn by the Peshawuris and Muhammadans of the north are often most elaborately embroidered with gold thread, and they sometimes take off the pagri while still wearing the cap.

HINDU'S CEREMONIAL BATHING.

This particular scene is on the banks of the Hoogly in Calcutta, but it may be observed on all the sacred rivers throughout India, from Kashmir to Ceylon. Tiers of stone steps lead down to the water, and the faithful perform their ceremonies early every morning with elaborate ritual. Some may be seen washing their garments before resuming them.

The fighting Pathan tribes of the border are enamoured of a tall conical cap which protrudes several inches above the turban like a candle extinguisher.

The turban of the Sikh is the most ponderous of all, and its spotless folds are arranged one over another with the most scrupulous care. You will seldom get the chance of seeing a Sikh take his pagri off, as it is considered in the highest degree improper for him to do so in public; but if you do you will find he has a second smaller pagri wound inside the other, and serving to keep his long hair properly knotted on the top of his head.

A Muhammadan moulvi wears a large white turban with multitudinous folds, which, instead of being folded tight like those of the Sikh, are twisted loosely round. A green turban usually denotes a Muhammadan who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca. A red turban in the north denotes a Hindu. A small turban usually red, worn rather to one side, denotes a Marwari banker. Then there is the tail of the pagri, which is allowed to hang down over the back to a varying length, and serves to protect the spine from the rays of the sun. Your household servants, instead of letting it hang down, fold it back and tuck it in on the top of the head, as it is considered improper for them to wear it in the ordinary way.

If you have not adopted this headdress, you must wear a good thick solar topi, with a brim effectually protecting the nape of the neck, when-

ever you are exposed to the midday sun, and on bright days a pair of smoked glasses will be an additional comfort, and save you many a headache. The changes of temperature in the Northern Province are so great that it is necessary to take special precautions against chill, and here, as well as in visiting the hill-stations, a cholera belt is of the utmost service.

The daily bath is a great institution in India, and it is probable that the custom was introduced into England by returned Anglo-Indian officials. Whether we have adopted it from the Hindu or not, there is no doubt that it conduces to both comfort and health, and may be taken hot or cold. Some Europeans have a prejudice against the cold bath, believing that it induces fever. This is a fallacy, for without infection with the malaria poison no amount of chill could cause the disease. What does often happen is that a person contracts malaria, but the disease remains latent until the chill allows the parasites to multiply and produce an ague fit. A cold bath may act as a danger signal, and a course of quinine should be at once inaugurated. It has been said that a Hindu is a man who washes his body and then puts on his dirty clothes, and a Muhammadan is a man who does not bathe, but always likes to have his clothes clean. Though, of course, too general a statement to be taken as a rule, there is a good deal of truth in this, and the reason is not far to seek. With the Hindu the daily bath is part of

his religion, and in all cities and towns where there are rivers, lakes, or large tanks, it is an interesting sight to see the crowd of bathers who collect there every morning, tie a bathing cloth (called a "langoti") round their loins and then hitch it up between their legs, and descend into the water to bathe. The Muhammadan is obliged before each of his five daily prayers to perform certain ablutions, the particulars of which are very precisely laid down in the religious code of Islam. The hands and arms must be cleansed to the elbows, the face, mouth, and ears, the back of the neck, and the feet must all have water poured over them; but as the order ends here many Muhammadans appear to think that the performance of this, often very perfunctorily, five times a day renders any further cleansing of the person quite unnecessary. The Muhammadan is, as a rule, the fonder of fine clothes, and rejoices in smart, well-starched outer linen, while the more economical Hindu will go on rinsing out and repairing his old clothes till they become no guide to his position and means. But, all said and done, if we exclude the low castes and pariahs, and some of the mountain tribes, the people of India must be recognized as among the most cleanly people of the earth.

CHAPTER IV

MODES OF TRAVEL

The Old and the New—Road-making—The Grand Trunk Road—The Romance of It—Indian Railways—How to Travel—The Dâk Bungalow—Travellers' Complaints—Eavesdropping—The Third-class Passenger—Camel Transport—Elephants—The Indian Ox-cart—The Useful Ekka—The Mail Tonga.

IN no point does the India of to-day differ more from the India our forefathers knew than in the facility of communications. Journeys which in their time were tedious, perilous, and prolonged over weeks or months are now lightly undertaken by young English girls travelling alone, and accomplished within a few days at the most.

Till within the last eighty years there were few good roads in India except in the immediate neighbourhood of the largest towns. The first railway in India was constructed in 1853, and was only a few miles long, between Bombay and Thana. Now a network of good roads covers the country. These are constructed and maintained by the Public Works Department, or on the frontiers by the Military Works Service, whence come the

A CAMEL-CART.

These are most often seen in the United Provinces and Eastern Punjab. Good trotting camels will travel as much as six or seven miles an hour, and keep going all through the day.

cabalistic signs P.W.D. and M.W.S. which constantly meet your eye.

Formerly the only means of communication between the towns were broad tracks—soft, unmetalled, seldom even levelled, but often bordered by avenues of trees which gave shelter to the weary traveller and merit to the pious Hindu who planted them.

These served well for travel on foot, on horseback, or by palanquin; but wheeled traffic was impossible and unknown away from the town, except for the clumsy ox-cart travelling at two and a half miles an hour.

The first great road-making enterprise was the Grand Trunk Road, completed up to Delhi in 1835 and subsequently carried on to Peshawur on the North-West Frontier. Then followed the trunk road connecting Bombay with Agra, crossing the Western Ghats by the Thal Pass, and another connecting Bombay with Madras, crossing the same range by the Bor Pass. These two roads, as they wind up and down the Ghats, still offer the traveller two of the most beautiful bits of road scenery in India. A few years later another road was made connecting Calcutta with Bombay via Nagpur, and joining the Madras Road at Poona. Calcutta was then connected with Madras by a road passing down the Eastern coast.

In the pre-railroad days these roads were of incalculable benefit. They were well metalled

and bridged throughout. Travellers' bungalows and caravanserais were built at nearly all the stages along them, the traveller seldom having to go more than sixteen miles without reaching one where he could find food and shelter. Those were the halcyon days of the trunk roads—days which the advent of the railroad has taken away from them for ever. Yet what a romantic history could be related of every little stretch of those long, silent roads—stories of pilgrims trudging wearily from shrine to shrine, from Jugganaut in the east to Dwarka in the west; from Hardwar in the north to Lanka in the south. Sometimes these pilgrims, to gain greater merit, cover the whole journey in continuous prostrations, lying down full length on the dirty road, then rising and placing the feet where the head had been, repeating the prostration, and so on; stories of Rajas and Nawabs travelling in state with all the gorgeous equipage of an Eastern Court; stories of troops hastening along by forced marches to attack or intercept some enemy; stories of fugitives great and small in desperate flight from successful rivals or an avenging Government; stories of caravans of merchants surprised by robbers in some lonely part and left despoiled and wounded on the road; stories of lonely travellers strangled and robbed by thugs; all these and many more go to form the romance of the road. At the present time there are 200,000 miles of road in India, and about a quarter of this is metalled and fit and

ELEPHANT-RIDING.

The elephants shown are regimental ones, and a man is seen mounting by the tail, which is the customary way when no ladder is at hand.

attractive for the automobilist. Meanwhile the construction of railways was proceeding apace.

The first great companies at work were the East Indian Railway, the Great Indian Peninsula, and the Madras Railway. These companies were all guaranteed by the Government, and were soon followed by other smaller lines. When Lord Mayo was Viceroy he started the first Indian State Railways, and since then many of the railways which were originally run by guaranteed companies have been taken over by the State.

At the present time more than 30,000 miles of railway are open for traffic. Moreover, most of the Indian railways own first-class rolling-stock, and the carriages are well appointed and comfortable. European travellers usually go first or second class, but some lines have an intermediate class, for which the fare is only slightly more than third class, and in which special compartments are reserved for Europeans. On other lines some of the third-class carriages are similarly reserved. Thus the poorer Europeans can travel in comfort and with the least amount of friction with the people of the country, the vast majority of whom travel third class.

The traveller should carry his own bedding and toilet articles, and he can then pass a most comfortable night on the broad, well-cushioned seats of the carriages.

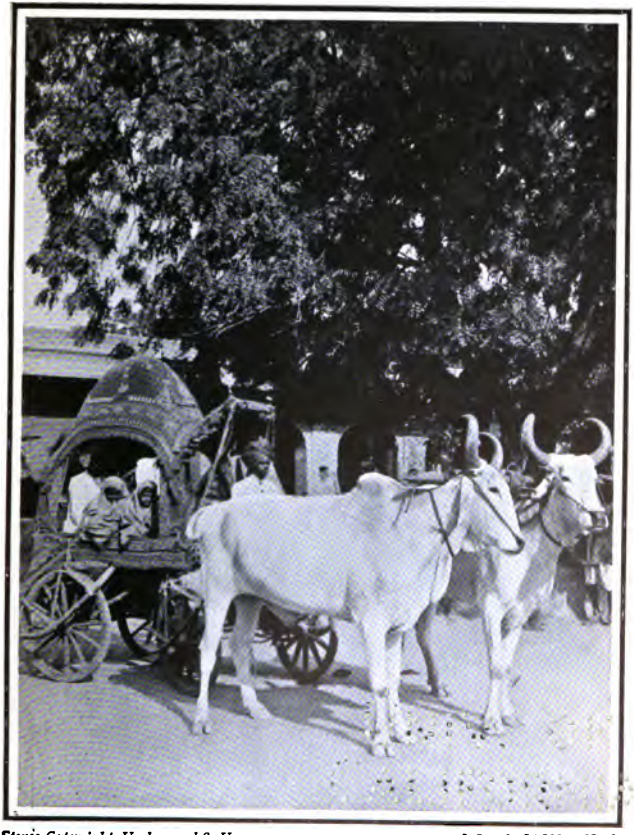
The trains make long stops at the usual meal-times at stations where there are excellent refresh-

ment-rooms under-good management, and thus the necessity of restaurant cars is dispensed with. Some of the long-distance mail trains, however, carry luxuriously fitted restaurant cars, and so are not under the necessity of making these long stops. For the long-distance third-class passengers, however, these stops are essential, permitting them to buy their meals from the vendors on the platform, perform their ablutions at the water standards or fountains with which most stations are provided, and recite their prayers.

The traveller by the first or second class can, if he prefer, carry about a tiffin basket and cater for himself. When he alights at any station, if it is a large town, he will find commodious hotels, and if a small one, he will inquire for the traveller's rest-house or dâk bungalow.

These useful institutions seem rather bare to the new-comer, but the man who has travelled much in India has learnt to use them much, and often with a very thankful heart. There is usually a cook or "khitmatgár" in attendance, who will catch and cook a tough old rooster for you, or give you solid lumps of leather that he calls "mutton chops," and a sickly-looking dish which he dignifies with the name of "limel custard."

Travellers usually pay a small fee of a rupee a night for the use of the bungalow, and inscribe their names and remarks in a visitors' book kept for the purpose. The remarks are sometimes pathetic, sometimes caustic, sometimes amusing.



THE OX-CART.

This is an equipage of the wealthy, and is a typical specimen of the conveyance as seen in Rajputana and some other parts. The dome-shaped top of the cart is decorated with embroidery, so also is the carriage platform, and even the awning over the head of the coachman. Notice the curious way in which the beasts are harnessed. The driver guides them by ropes run through their noses, and urges them by twisting their tails.

One traveller had had occasion to find fault with the milk supplied to him, and was met by the excuse that the only animals available in that neighbourhood which gave milk were camels. He entered the remark in the book that "if that was the best that the camels could do, he recommended them to give up giving milk and take to laying eggs instead." There is an old story that a certain traveller arrived at a dâk bungalow. Only one of the three rooms was vacant, the other two being occupied by a young couple and a taciturn bearded officer respectively. He retired to bed, but the partitions were thin, and he was kept awake by a very one-sided conversation proceeding from the room of the married couple. The man was tired and cross, while the lady was importunate and voluble. "I must have a trip to Calcutta." "I must have a cheque for new things for Christmas." "I must have new curtains for our house," and so on were only met with a sleepy "Oh, Annie, do let me alone and go to sleep!" Annie would not lessen her importunities till finally a gruff voice came from the other room: "Oh, Annie, do let him alone, and let's *all* go to sleep." Silence then prevailed.

With the increase of railway travel many of the old rest-houses on the trunk roads are falling into desuetude, as there is no longer that continual stream of travellers which once made these roads so busy and bustling. With the advent of the motor-car, however, some at least of them will be

rejuvenated, and receive new leases of life to minister to the wants of those who prefer road to rail. The people of the country have learnt to value the increased facilities for rapid transit offered by the railways, as the crowded platforms and packed third-class compartments testify, and one cannot help noticing the patience and the good temper with which they will put up with an extraordinary amount of discomfort and hardship. They may have to wait for hours on a bare platform because they have missed a train, or the train has been too crowded to accommodate them; they may be packed tight in a close compartment all through a hot summer's night; they may be chivied about by bullying officials, yet they nearly always keep their temper and make light of their troubles. For many of them time has little value, and even if they have to wait in a station yard twenty-four hours for a train, the delay and discomfort are much less than they would have undergone for the same journey in former days, and they have not yet quite lost the memory of those times. I once had to ride seventy miles to a small country station to catch a train; my pony became exhausted, and I reached the station just as the train was disappearing down the line. I gave vent to some feelings of disappointment, but the stationmaster came up and very blandly said, "Never mind, there is another train to-morrow!" Truly to-morrow is a great institution in the East! Yet the people have not given up their old modes

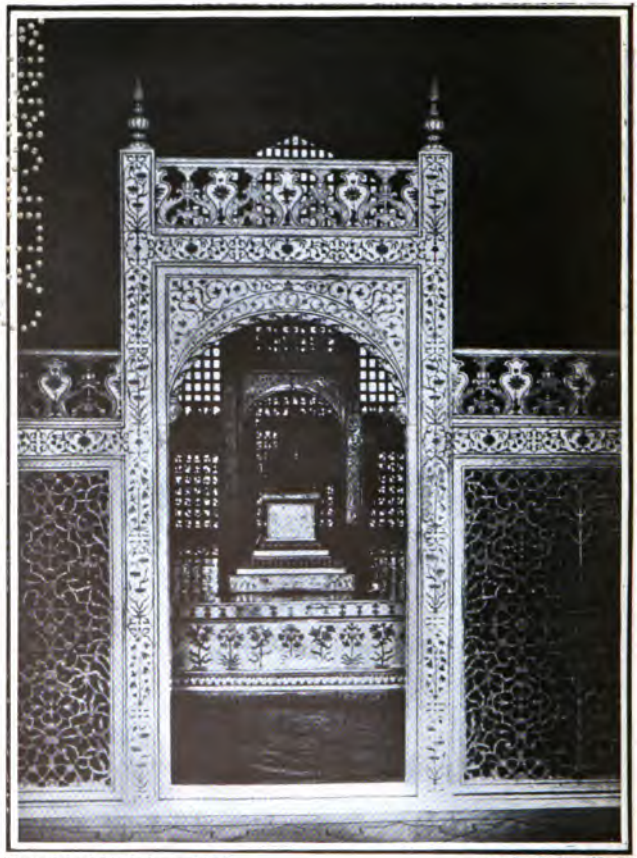
of travel, and many places are remote from all railways.

The great majority can only afford to go afoot, with a modest bundle of their belongings and a blanket or quilt slung over their shoulders. Those who can rise to it, or can borrow or hire from their neighbours, have gaunt little horses or ponies with high-peaked wooden saddles on which they amble along. The harness is often made up with bits of string or strips off the man's "pagri," and the bedding is laid over the saddle or tied behind it. In the sandy parts of the country the camel is a cheap and popular mode of conveyance. This useful animal may be used in three ways: Firstly (especially in the United Provinces), it is harnessed to a large two-storied cart, something like a cross between a London luggage delivery van and a gipsy van, but with two long shafts passing obliquely upwards to the shoulders of the camel. Secondly, two panniers (called "kajowas") may be slung one on either side of the hump, and the travellers curl themselves up in these. In the Punjab women travel a good deal in this way, and a kind of awning is built up over the two panniers which serves to screen the fair travellers from the eyes of the curious. Progress is slow—about two and a half miles an hour at the most—and the cramped position soon becomes irksome to Europeans, while the oscillation produces in many a feeling of sea-sickness and headache. Thirdly, the travellers may ride on a saddle. This saddle

fits over the hump, and can be made to seat one or two riders. A special breed of camel is used for this purpose—slim, graceful, and long-legged. These can cover eighty to a hundred miles a day at the rate of six to eight miles an hour when in good condition, and, though it requires some practice to get used to the movement and gait, the seat is comfortable, and the view one gets over the surrounding country very advantageous.

Elephants are less used than formerly, though they are still frequently seen in parts of Bengal and Central India, with rich howdahs and gaily bedecked riders. It is only the rich, of course, who can indulge in this regal mode of transport. Elephants are also used in the army both for artillery and for transport. Then there is the patient ox, which is more or less used in all parts of the country as a riding animal, but is neither expeditious nor comfortable.

Turning now to wheeled traffic, there is the camel-cart already mentioned, but perhaps the most characteristically Indian of all wheeled vehicles is the "rath," or ox-cart. This is a rather heavy, clumsy platform of planks balanced on two stout wooden wheels which seem almost all tyre, and are not unfrequently shaped out of a single piece of wood. A bamboo awning is fixed over all, and it is then draped and cushioned according to the fancy and purse of the owner. The two bullocks are harnessed on either side of a central shaft, and if the owner is some rich landowner or



THE MARBLE SCREEN AT THE TÁJ.

Inside the wonderful white marble building of the Táj is the tomb of the royal lady whom Shah Jahan delighted to honour, but the tomb seen through the marble archway in the picture does not contain the body, which is in a gold coffin in the vault exactly underneath it.

banker, there will be an oval-shaped dome with handsome embroideries and gold and silver tinsel-work, and even an equally gorgeous awning over the seat of the driver. Beautifully worked curtains are fastened to the edges of the dome, so that when the ladies of the family go abroad they may be shielded from the gaze of men, and a rich fringe hangs down from the edges of the platform. On the other hand, the poor man has a rough bamboo awning with only an old quilt or a piece of coloured cotton cloth thrown over it to afford some protection from the sun.

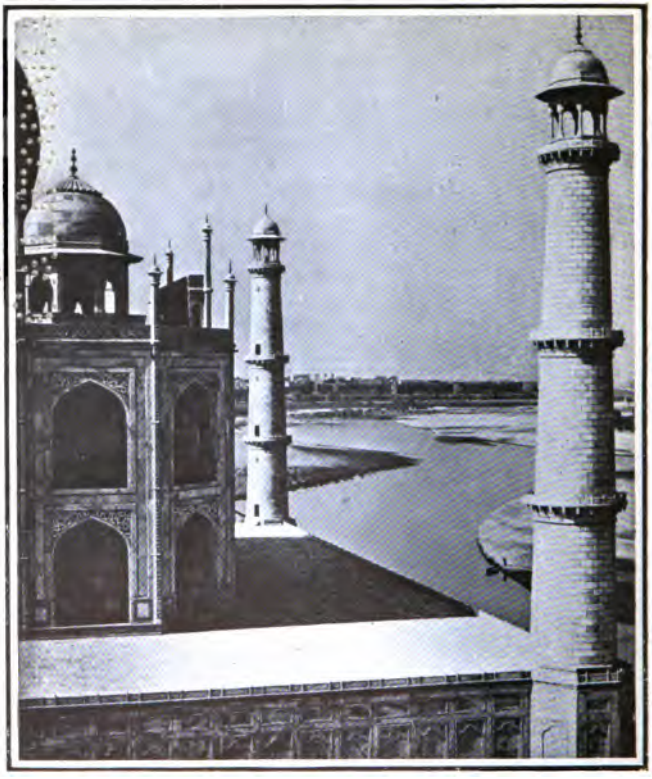
The two bullocks are harnessed to a yoke on a central shaft, and the reins are merely cords which pass through holes in their nostrils, and effectually guide and control them. They are sometimes most gorgeously trapped ; rich bankers and noblemen put gold tips to their horns, and cover them with a profusion of gold-bespangled harness, while gold or silver bells tinkle round their necks.

The owner squats cross-legged on the cushions inside, with the curtains raised on the shady side, so that he may complacently compare his comfort and opulence with the dusty and ragged tatterdemalion herd around him, who think themselves lucky if in recognition of their deep obeisance with folded hands, and " Rám, Rám, Maharáj ji !" (God bless you, my lord !), he smiles benignantly, or even nods at them. A rich man such as this owns valuable trotting bullocks, which are smart,

sleek, and lively, and cover five or even six miles in the hour. The "rath" of the poor man is destitute of all these fine trappings and embellishments, the wood is common and rough, and the gaunt, tired bullocks scarcely do three miles in the hour, and even for that the driver has to be constantly hurling opprobrious epithets at them and their female relations, and prods their hind-quarters mercilessly with a stick, or twists their tails into knots. The Hindu reverences the cow, and accumulates merit by the institution of homes for vagrant cows and hospitals for sick ones; but the Hindu bullock-driver has no compunction in unmercifully belabouring his beasts, and no pangs in seeing them horribly galled with the yoke. He squats on the broadened base of the shaft, and it may be that the discomfort of the position, the exposure to the sun, and the jolting of the cart, combine to deaden his sensibility to the suffering of his animals.

The bullocks of the army transport waggons are much better off; they are sleek and well fed, and are fine, powerful animals that kick out viciously with one hind-leg or make a startlingly quick sweep with their horns if they think they are not being treated properly.

The next most characteristic Indian conveyance is the "ekka." This is the poor man's coach, but superior and gaily caparisoned ekkas are sometimes kept by the rich too, though these prefer what they call a "fittan" (phaeton), or



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THE RIVER JAMNA FROM TÁJ.

The corner of the Táj building is seen in the picture with the minarets, from the tops of which a fine view can be obtained of the city and plain and river below.

victoria, of Western style as betokening more dignity.

The "ekka" is as light and graceful as the "rath" is heavy and cumbrous; but the principle is the same, the cart itself being beautifully balanced on two wheels so as to remove all weight from pressing on the horse's shoulders, and so allow of a considerable load being carried a long distance. The frame is built up round two long stout bamboos which meet together at the back of the cart, and jut out forwards nearly 2 feet away from each shoulder of the horse. The whole may be compared to a capital A, the platform being built on the upper triangular piece, and the horse being harnessed between the two arms. As the whole cart, excepting the wheels, is made of bamboos, it is both strong and light. At each corner of the platform a vertical bamboo supports the canopy, and as the bamboo shafts are directed downwards as well as backwards there is a space between their ends and the platform in which luggage can be stored. The driver sits at the base of one or other shaft, and the travellers squat on the platform; this is not more than 30 inches square, except the side towards the shafts, which is a few inches more; yet four passengers is the ordinary complement, and even two or three more squeeze in on an emergency. The travellers spread their quilts or "darris" on the platform, and then squat on them, steadying themselves by grasping one or two of the four

uprights. Europeans often use this mode of conveyance, but then they rarely attempt to carry a second passenger, and if you are alone you can make yourself exceedingly comfortable by adding some cushions and winding a turban or scarf round and between the two back uprights; the legs can then be stretched out along one of the shafts (not being the one used by the driver), and the head and shoulders rest back on the turban. In this way I have often done fifty miles at a stretch in comfort, and even had a fair night's sleep. The "ekka" pony is a wonderfully game little animal, small, wiry, and as tough as nails, and will cover forty or fifty miles in the day and be fit and ready for another stage in the morning.

The conveyance most popular with European travellers is the dák-tonga or mail-cart. Where there are towns and cantonments at some distance from a railway-station, some rapid and convenient mode of transit is required as much for the royal mails as for the travellers. In these cases "chaukis" (posting stations) are established at distances of from five to eight miles along the road, and at each "chauki" a number of pairs of ponies is kept under the care of native grooms who are called "bálgírs," one groom to each pair. Thus a change of horses is provided for at each stage, and the animals are able to keep at a gallop throughout, and the changes so rapidly effected that a journey of eighty miles may be accomplished in nine hours. The cart is a strongly constructed con-

AKBAR'S TOMB.

The picture shows the court of the fourth or topmost story, and the stone lies exactly over the spot where the coffin of the great Emperor lies in the vault below. The Koh-i-noor once lay in the pillar behind the man standing at the back of the picture. This courtyard is 157 feet square, and has a kiosk at each corner like the one in the picture. On one side is inscribed "God is great," and on the other side of the tomb, "May His glory be glorified."

cern hung low between two large wheels, on which it is well balanced, so as to throw a minimum of weight on the horse in the shafts. It is said to be an adaptation of the old Persian war-chariot. There is a crosspiece in the centre and two seats before and two behind, back to back. As one of the front seats is occupied by the coachman, there is accommodation for three travellers. There is an awning above, open before and behind, but curtained at the sides; this is fastened on a strong iron framework, so that luggage may be carried on it, and even the groom may ensconce himself among the luggage. Sometimes, however, the groom stands on a little board fastened to the body of the cart, behind the near wheel, and holds on to the edge of the awning.

There are two splashboards on the sides of the cart over the wheels on which the mail-bags are strapped. In some parts of the country there is a single central shaft; in others there are two shafts as for a one-horsed cart. One of the ponies is then harnessed in the shafts, and the other is in traces outside; these ponies are often the cause of much exhilaration and even anxiety to the unaccustomed travellers, for they are not uncommonly raw and fresh and imperfectly broken in, and play diverse pranks before they can be got to start, and then dash away down hill and over dale at such a breakneck speed, unchecked, but rather encouraged, by the coachman, that it seems

as though you would inevitably be overturned at the next corner.

The difficulty often lies in getting them to start at all; they fix their feet firmly and refuse to budge, despite the alternate coaxings and abuse of the driver. Then the "bálgír" throws a piece of rope round a fore-leg and pulls while someone else pushes at the wheel. If this does not succeed a loop of cord is taken and placed over an ear, and then twisted so as to get a firm grip, and traction is made on this; when the horse is well started the cord is allowed to untwist and fall off. Once I saw a horse which could only be got to start by setting fire to a wisp of straw and placing it under it. The trace-horse generally follows the lead of the one in the shafts; but some ponies are of such an inquisitive nature that they insist on taking a good look at the passengers, and can only be harnessed with their heads towards the cart and the traces over their necks; when the horse in the shaft starts off they swing round, and in the course of the first fifty or one hundred yards the traces are pulled into their places. The coachmen are good but rather reckless drivers, and dash down steep hills and round sharp corners without such a thing as a brake, and delight in galloping down a declivity so that the impetus may carry them up the opposite side at top speed. I have seen one of the traces slip off its hook, the coachman sign to the "bálgír," and that individual jump down and replace the trace without slacken-

ing speed. When one has to journey eighty or one hundred miles on end by tonga, one may feel somewhat jolted and sore by the end, yet there must be few Indian travellers who do not look back to a long tonga journey as one of the most novel, interesting, and exciting experiences they have had.

CHAPTER V

RAJPUTANA AND THE NATIVE STATES OF THE NORTH

Their Origin—Rise of the Mahrattas—The Rajput States —Punjab States—Kashmir—Its Beauties—Amber—Jaipur—Sambhar—Alwar—Udaipur—Its Lake—Chitor —Its Romantic History—The Queen of Indore—Gwalior—Historical Events.

AS there are considerably over 600 native states in India enjoying a greater or less degree of independence under the British suzerainty, it will not be possible to do more than mention a few of the more interesting facts about them.

Their existence results from the interaction of three factors : (1) The dismemberment of the decadent Mughal Empire, (2) the rise of the Mahrattas, (3) the advent of the British.

Under the rule of Aurangzeb (1658-1707) the power of the Mughal Emperors of Delhi began to wane, and the more remote parts of the Empire broke away from their allegiance, provincial governors asserted their independence, and surrounding tribes, the chief of these being the

A POPLAR AVENUE IN KASHMIR.

This road leads from Baramulla to Srinagar. The poplar is one of the most characteristic trees of Central Asia. Notice the dress of the Kashmiri man; he is probably a Muhammadan, like most of the villagers.

Mahrattas, made more and more successful inroads into the Mughal territory. The power of the Mahrattas began to rise in the beginning of the eighteenth century, under the generalship of the warlike and wily Sivaji; about the middle of this century the "Peshwas," or Prime Ministers, of Sivaji's successors acquired more and more power until they ousted the ruling line and established their own rule, with the centre of government at Poona. They in their turn were served in the same way by their more ambitious generals, who went forth to conquer and subdue the territories between Poona and Delhi, and who, when successful, disowned the Peshwas, and ruled the territories they had acquired in their own name.

The origin of the three great Mahratta states of Gwalior, Indore, and Baroda came about in the above way. The Maharajas are Mahrattas, but they rule over races of different language and origin from their own.

The Rajput states differ essentially from these, and, in fact, from nearly all other native states, in that they represent clans, claiming to have maintained their independence under their hereditary chiefs ever since the Muhammadan irruptions drove them out of Northern India to seek fresh settlements in the jungles and deserts of their present abodes.

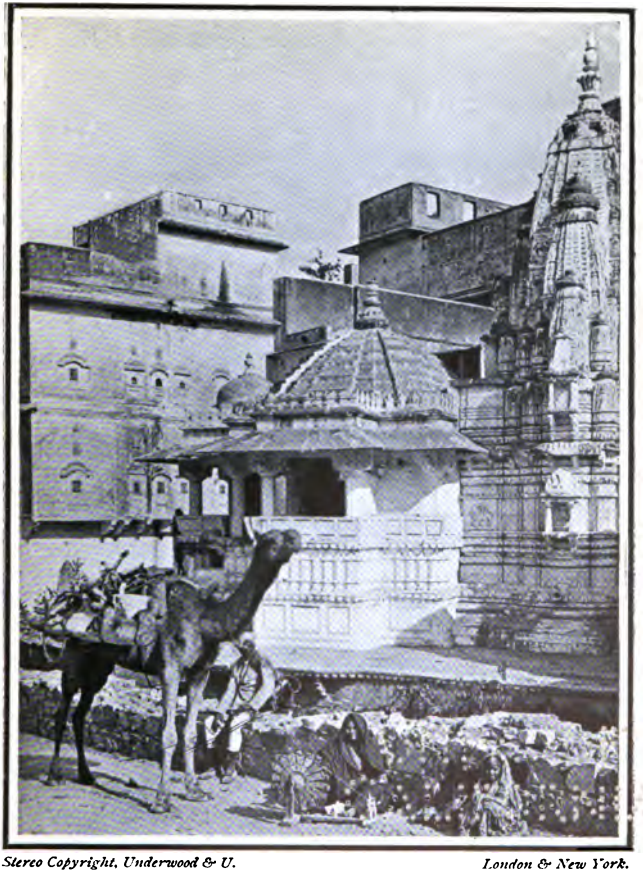
There are nineteen of these states, but two of these, Bhartpur and Dholpur, are subject to Jat rulers, and one, namely, Tonk, is under a Muham-

madan Nawab, who is descended from some Afghan soldier of fortune, who acquired the territories during the disturbed years of the early part of the nineteenth century.

The other chief Rajput states are Jodhpur, Bikanir, and Jeysulmir in the west, Alwar in the north, Jaipur in the east, and Udaipur in the south. Most of these can be reached by the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway.

Bhopal is an interesting little state in Central India, which is governed by a Muhammadan Queen, who is known as the Begum of Bhopal. She is descended from an Afghan General in the service of the Mughal Emperor, who managed to secure those territories in the early part of the eighteenth century. In the Punjab there are the Sikh states, which were confirmed in the possession of Sikh chiefs after the Punjab itself had been taken under the rule of the British, and Runjit Singh, the "Lion of the Punjab," and his family given an asylum elsewhere. They are known as the Phulkian States, and the principal ones are Patiala, Jhind, and Nabha.

Far the largest, and, in many ways, the most interesting of the states of the North is Kashmir, the Garden of India. Who that has ever visited it can forget its snow-clad peaks and flowery valleys and limpid streams and lily-covered lakes and majestic glaciers and picturesque villages! An ideal time for entering the valley and obtaining one's first glimpse of its beauties is in



A TEMPLE IN AMBER.

This is the ancient but now deserted capital of the Maharajas of Jaipur. Notice the woman spinning in the foreground with the picturesque wheel which has come down unchanged from the ancient Vedi cages to the present time.

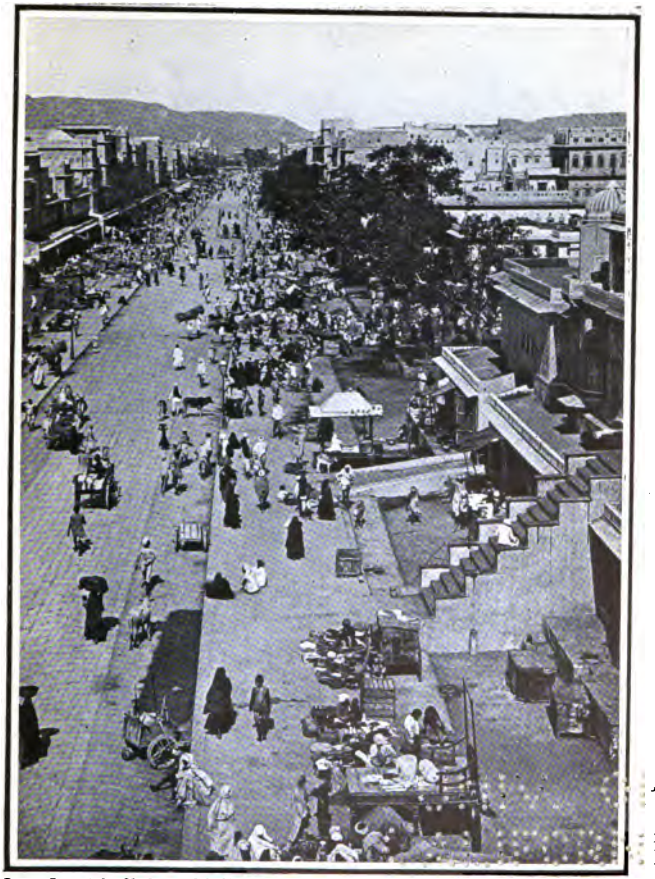
spring, when the snows have begun to melt on the hillsides and the flowers are beginning to peep out and open their many-coloured petals, and the roofs of the village houses are bedecked with crocuses, and the cemeteries are blue with irises. There is very little to equal the charm and peace of a river journey in a houseboat on some warm summer day, after the racketing tonga drive from Rawal Pindi, gliding gently past flowery banks and groves of poplars, and villages nestling among orchards, and then you reach the capital of Kashmir, Srinagar, the Venice of the East, and pass under its seven bridges, and gaze with wonder on its strange temples and mosques and bazaars and palaces, till you pass on up above the city and moor to the bank under the shade of some magnificent "chenár" (plane) trees in one of the "bághs," or gardens, set apart for visitors. And then, when tired of the river, you take tents and enrol a number of coolies, and march away into the recesses of some enchanting valley, and camp among the scented pine-woods, or by the banks of some pellucid mountain tarn, or on the green sward of a flowery "marg." Or if so inclined, you can go still farther and shoot the mountain sheep and bear on the rugged mountain-sides, or scale some towering peak and look down from the eternal snows on the fair vale left below you. In short, Kashmir provides special attractions for every species of traveller, be he sportsman or mountaineer, artist or naturalist,

tourist or student, or just the man or woman from the plains, worn with hard work and stifling heat, and yearning for a few weeks of rest and pleasure in a cool and salubrious clime.

If the visitor has not much time at his disposal and can only visit a few states, there are none more likely to charm him, and give him a vivid and lasting impression of what the capital of an Eastern state is like, than Jaipur and Udaipur.

Jaipur is the more accessible; the ancient capital of this state is Amber. It is now ruined and deserted, but no one will regret the five-mile drive and elephant-ride to the rocky mountain gorge, which was selected by the ancient rulers on account of both the strength of its position and the romantic delight of its situation, and where they built their forts and palaces. The magnificence of the carved columns and latticed windows is reflected in the still waters of the lake below, and green and cool gardens add a charm to the fairy-like beauty of the palaces themselves.

It is said that a staircase in this palace was such a beautiful specimen of Rajput art, with a double row of columns supporting a massive entablature and latticed galleries above, that the Emperor Jahangir, who, like the other Mughal Emperors, ever had his eye open for architectural beauties, coveted it, and the Jaipur Prince had it covered with stucco, lest the Emperor should have it forcibly carried away.



A STREET IN JAIPUR.

This is one of the widest streets in India, being 111 feet across. The houses are mostly covered with rose-coloured "whitewash." You are facing straight towards Lahore, 300 miles away, and the hills you see in the distance are all fortified for the protection of the place.

The town of Jaipur is remarkable for the width and regularity of its streets, which contrast with what obtains in most Eastern cities. The main streets are 111 feet wide, and are crowded with a picturesque assemblage of men of many races in bright-coloured and diversified costumes.

The palace is a magnificent building of white marble, and the gardens, with their fountains and shady avenues, give one an idea of the romantic possibilities of a garden in the East. Besides the royal garden there is a public garden outside the city wall, which is one of the finest in India, and contains a zoological collection as well as other attractions.

An interesting place in this neighbourhood is the Sambhar Lake, which supplies salt to a great part of India. The neighbourhood of the lake is arid and unattractive, and the glistening white of the salt is trying to the eyes, and the visitor will commiserate the officials who have to work there through the blazing, scorching heat of a long summer; yet, as one of the natural wonders of the world, it is worth a visit. After the rains the lake is twenty-one miles long from east to west and about five miles broad from north to south, and saturated with salt dissolved out from the hills and rocks around, which contain enormous deposits of that mineral. The lake is very shallow, and during the winter dries up, and leaves the mineral in a floury deposit on the mud bottom, from which it is collected and then purified and

exported to the extent of from three to four hundred thousand tons annually.

One of the most beautiful spots in Rajputana is to be found in the northern state of Alwar. Attached to the city palace of the Maharaja is a park, and in this park, surrounded by kiosks and temples and shrines, is a lovely little artificial lake. The traveller can imagine no more ideal place than the dainty little marble kiosks round the lake, wherein to sit and drink in the spirit of Ancient India. The harmonious combination of the skill of man with the beauties of Nature, the stately mausoleums of the departed great, the elegant workmanship of the temples, and the mountain and buildings mirrored in the waters below, all combine to produce an impression which lasts long after the blue sky and clear atmosphere of the East have been exchanged for the mists and clouds of the West.

Another such vision may be obtained in Udaipur, where there is another but much larger and still more beautiful lake surrounded by palaces and temples. The town lies in a depression surrounded by hills, so that the beauty of the scene bursts upon one suddenly after passing through a gorge which has been cut through the encircling hills for the railway. The towering palace of white stone glittering in the sunshine, the deep blue waters of the lake below, the bridge crossing the narrow end of the lake, the stately mansions on the lake-side to which it leads, the city wall

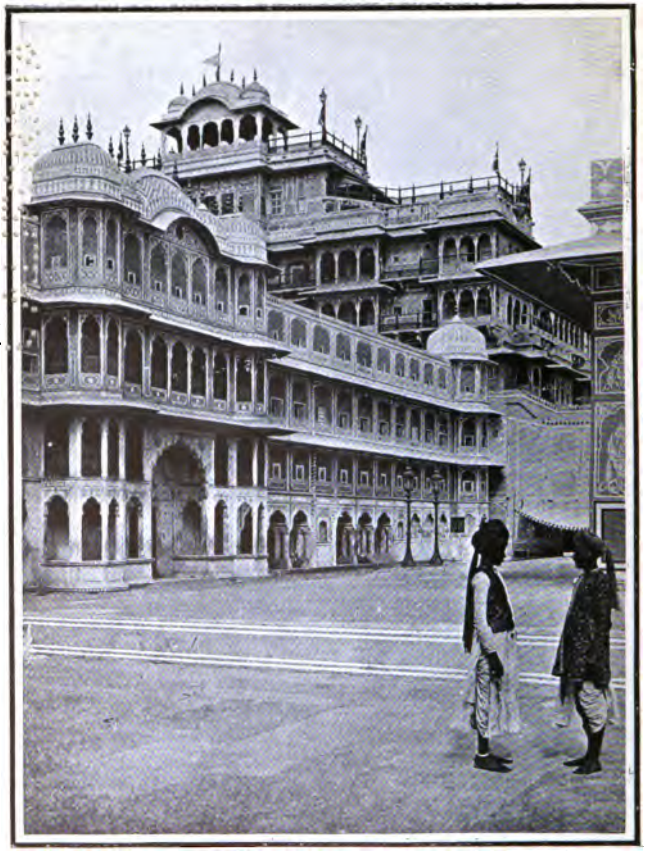
and the crowded bazaars within, combine to make Udaipur one of the most romantic places in the East. The buildings are nearly all built of stone of dazzling whiteness, and the varying shades of green of the palms, and pipals, and bananas in the gardens, which are interspersed here and there among the buildings, and the deep blue of the lake in which they are mirrored, give the colour setting, and the diversified habiliments and gaily coloured robes of the men and women in the bazaars and by the lake-side finish off the details of an ideal Eastern scene.

The visitor can wander about here for days and constantly find new beauties and fresh pictures, each one more entrancing than the last. The palace gateway, which appears like the portal of an enchanted castle, the palace court with the oungers, and the children playing, and the sacred cows, and the pigeons, the splendour of the halls of audience and durbar rooms within the palace, the intricate passages and staircases, the jealously guarded block of private apartments for the royal ladies, the gardens on the roof, the latticed balconies, the groups of Court servants, of artificers, of soldiers—each and all of these furnish material which would equally serve for a picture, a poem, or a romance. Udaipur is the capital of the state of Meywar, but it was not always so. Many centuries ago the capital was Chitor, an almost impregnable fortress.

The deserted ruins of Chitor even now give the

traveller some idea of what must have been the magnificence of her palaces, the splendour of her Courts, and the martial character of her people. The shrines of her noble dead are scattered about the place, but the warriors and merchants who once trod her streets, and the fair women who adorned her mansions, remain only in the traditions of a romantic past. Behold that handsome nine-storied tower rising above the buildings round, with its windows, and balconies, and delicately sculptured walls, like some great giant gazing over the bodies of his slain, and let it tell its history; for no more romantic story can be found in the annals of any country.

In the early part of the fourteenth century the Muhammadan Emperor of Delhi, Alla-ud-din, came to Chitor and happened to see the beautiful face of a woman in a mirror. It was that of the Raja's favourite Queen. The Emperor seized the person of the Raja, and taking him off to his camp, demanded the Queen as his ransom. Forthwith a procession came forth from the city—a gorgeous litter, carefully screened, the equipage of the beautiful Queen, and seven hundred maidens of the town to escort and attend her. The great Emperor was enraptured at the sight and delighted at the success of his scheme, and hurried down to greet the lady whom he coveted; but lo! the litter was empty; the maidens were warriors in disguise; the Emperor had to save himself, and the imprisoned Raja was liberated and taken



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MAHARAJA'S PALACE, JAIPUR.

The building at the right is covered with coloured embroideries of stucco work, while the one at the left is chiefly sculptured marble.

back in triumph to his fort. The enraged Emperor laid siege to the fort, and though the defenders were brave as the bravest of the Rajputs—and the Rajputs are renowned for their bravery—and though they worked prodigies of valour, yet the superior numbers and overwhelming forces of the Emperor were bound to prevail, and the battlements were filled with dead, and the courts with wounded, and the chambers with wailing and mourning women. And then when the women of the city saw their fathers and brothers and husbands all dead and dying around them, they enacted the greatest tragedy of "suttee" which India has ever seen, and setting fire to the palace, immolated themselves with the corpses of their men, so that when the Emperor entered the ruins he found nothing but dust and ashes whereon to glut his passion. For more than a hundred years Chitor remained in the hands of the Muhammadans, and then it was reconquered by a Rajput Prince, who erected this tower as a memorial of the noble dead and his own victory. Now all is again desolate: the throbbing pulse of the bazaars of Chitor is at rest, sentinels no longer pace her battlements, warriors no longer sally forth from her gates, caravans no longer bring merchandise of North and South to her marts, and the busy hum of life has ceased to be heard in her streets. Down a chasm in the hillside is a deep pool fed by a spring called "Gaomukh," or cow's mouth. There are shady trees around, and well-worn steps

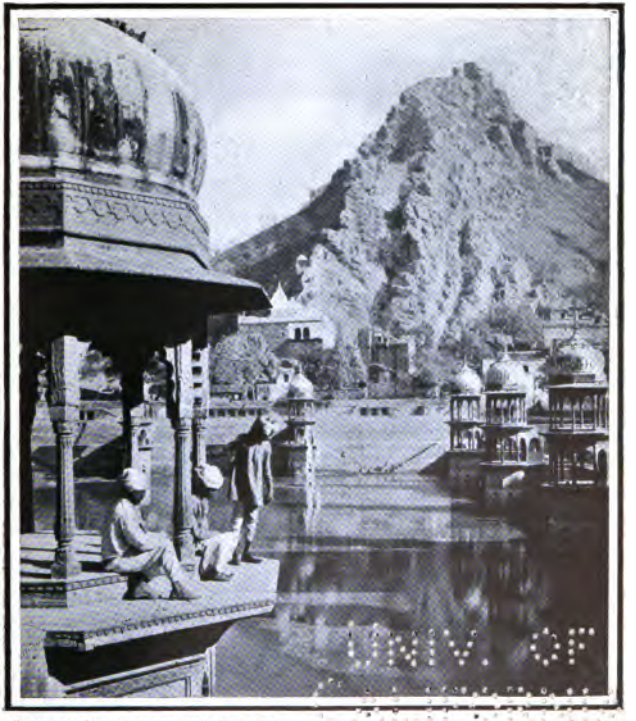
lead down to the water's edge—a spot that will be long remembered for its charming cool and shade and sparkling waters. The springs still gush from the rock as they did when Chitor was in the zenith of its power, and as they did when they were the last resource of a beleagured garrison; but the fair Rajput women no longer come with their pitchers, and the sounds of worship and of war alike have passed away.

Indore is the capital of the state of Maharaja Holkar, and has comparatively few attractions for the ordinary tourist, but it might form a fitting place of pilgrimage for lady visitors as the place where one of the greatest of India's Queens reigned. Her monument or "chattri" is to be found in the old capital of the Holkar family, Maheshwar, on the River Nerbudda, but temples and ghâts erected by her munificence are to be found in the Hindu holy places all over India.

The energy, justice, sagacity, generosity, and statesmanship of Ahalya Bai have given her a name among the best women who have ever ruled, and have proved beyond contention that the women of India are capable of the highest attainments.

This chapter will be closed with a short mention of the fort and city of Gwalior, though a whole chapter might well be given to a place of such natural and historic interest.

Gwalior is a state ruled by the well-known Maharaja Scindia, but the name is more often



THE HOLY TANK AT ALWAR.

It is surrounded with palaces and shrines, and is one of the most beautiful spots in Rajputana, if not in the whole of India.

associated with the hill and fort round which have been waged so many fierce battles, and which stand up in the midst of the plain, a landmark in all the country round.

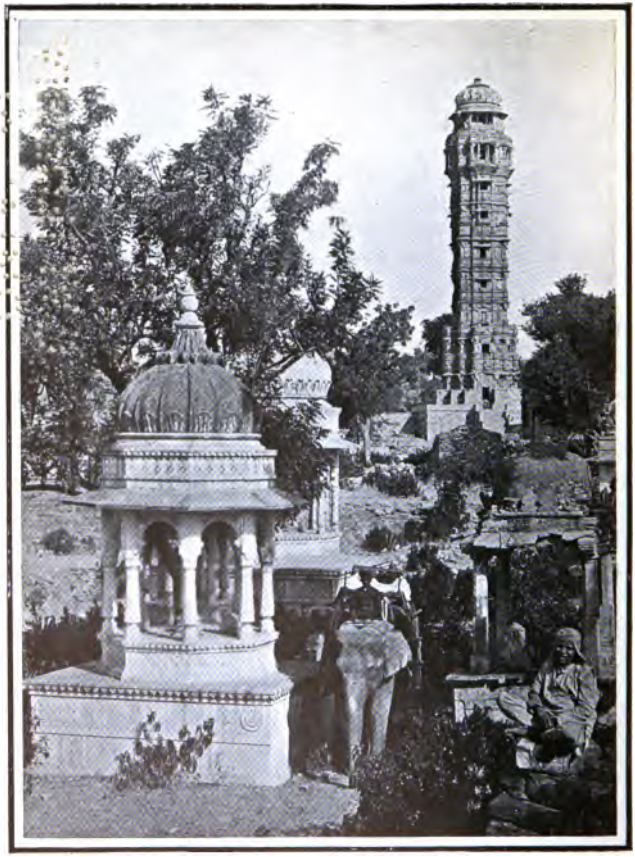
When Daulat Rao Scindia captured the fort at the end of the eighteenth century, he pitched his camp on the plain below to the south of the hill. This camp became gradually transformed into the new city of Gwalior, and is even now known as the "lashkar," or camp. In it are the old and new palaces of the Maharaja and many other fine buildings. But the chief interest of the place centres round the fort on the hill-top and the old palaces, temples, and prisons contained therein. What are perhaps the most wonderful rock statues in all India are to be found sculptured on the face of the cliff below the fort. They are gigantic statues of 7 to 57 feet in height, laboriously hewn out of the rock itself. They are the work of the Tumara Rajas of the fifteenth century, and excited the interest of the Emperor Babar in the sixteenth century, and he, with the iconoclastic fervour of the Muhammadan invaders, ordered the idols to be broken. This order was, however, only very partially carried out.

The prisons were used by some of the Mughal Emperors for confining their own relations.

Gwalior has been besieged and captured by the British no less than four times—in 1779, 1803, 1844, and 1858. Previous to this, too, its history has been one long series of wars and sieges, as

rival powers—Hindu and Muhammadan, Mahratta and Mughal—contended with each other for the possession of this important fortress. Gazing at its steep escarpments, their precipices, massive gateways, and the great wall, 30 to 35 feet high, which everywhere guards the steep cliff edge, one can readily imagine the reckless valour of those who led the assaults, and the desperate stands of the defenders as the intrepid soldiers scaled the cliffs, battered the gates, and poured in through the breaches.

In the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 the Maharaja never wavered in his loyalty to the British, but he could not restrain his troops, who compelled him to flee for his life. He returned with the aid of a British army under Sir Hugh Rose, and the mutineers were defeated in several engagements after fierce fighting. The fort was finally won by two young officers of the Bombay army, who with great daring and valour led a party of their men to the assault. They broke through five of the seven gates before they were discovered. At the sixth the alarm was given; but they pressed on through that and the last gate amid a hail of shot and bullets. One of the officers was here cut down and killed, and many of his gallant men perished with him; but the fort was won, and so ended the last of the many sieges of Gwalior.



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THE CHITOR TOWER OF VICTORY.

These form relics of a romantic past, and here was enacted many a scene of heroism and tragedy. The most sublime story of "suttee" in Indian history took place in this very spot. Notice the elephant, and the man squatting on the steps. The Tower of Victory is nine stories high.

CHAPTER VI

DELHI AND ITS EMPIRE

The Old and the New—The Fort—The Mughal Palace—Gems of Architecture—Modern Vandalism—Relics of the Siege—The Death of Nicholson—The Tomb of Nizám-ud-din—A Humble Grave—Remarkable Diving—The Kutb Minar—The Juma Masjid—The Chandni Chowk—Delhi Workmanship—The Snake-charmer—Workers in Copper and Brass—Arts and Trades of Delhi—A Sleeping City—The Story of Akbar—Memories of the Dead.

THE most hustling of tourists will not fail to visit Delhi. Alas! he may find his quick tour only allows him a few hours to imbibe the spirit of the old Empire, to appreciate the glory of the fourteen ruined cities on which the modern town stands, to admire its fort and palace, and be silent before the beauty of its shrines.

Modern buildings have done much to destroy the picturesqueness of Delhi, and the traveller has to shut his eyes to the ugly station buildings and the electric trams that spoil the historic Chandni Chowk. The fort will probably first attract attention. It resembles the Agra fort

very much in construction, being of the same period, and built of the same red sandstone.

If one approaches by the Lahore Gate from the Chandni Chowk, one can imagine the gorgeous scenes of the past when the Emperor sat on his throne of inlaid marble, and the nobles of many lands came to do him homage.

The way leads through a long arcade, lined now with shops, where formerly were soldiers' quarters. As one emerges from the arcade, one sees a balconied structure, which is the Herald's Gallery, from where the names and titles of the visitors were recited in a loud voice, to reach the Emperor one hundred yards off.

In earlier days beautiful gardens stretched between the gate and Hall of Audience, now alas! there is only a bare stretch of hard, sun-baked ground. The Hall of Audience or Dewán-i-Ám is a picturesque, red sandstone building with corridors of arches—no doors anywhere. In the middle of one side stands the throne, built of marble and beautifully inlaid with designs of birds and fruits in cornelian, topaz, turquoise, and other stones from every part of the world.

The Eastern architecture of the canopied throne is beautifully and fittingly set off by the domes and arches of the hall. Behind the Dewán-i-ám is the gem of the collection of buildings, the Dewán-i-Khás, or private Hall of Audience.

It is built entirely of white marble, and, like its commoner brother opposite, has no doors; its

arches being gracefully designed, and the whole surface covered with inlaid work of gold and precious stones.

The arches at the back frame views across the Jamna, and in the centre of that side is the marble platform that once held the famous peacock throne.

Round the frieze of the central part is inscribed in Persian :

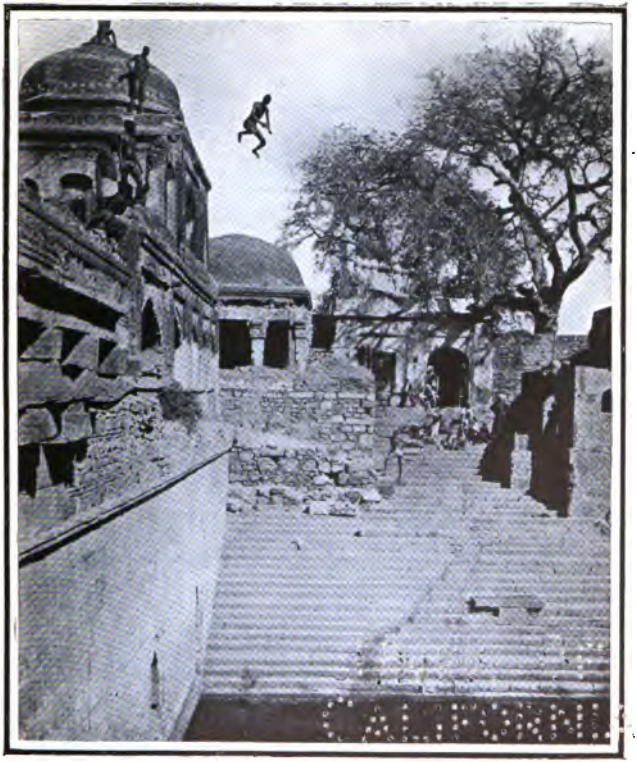
> " If there is a Paradise on earth,
> It is this, it is this, it is this."

To one side of this Dewán-i-Khás are the royal baths, and one is reminded of " Golden Hair and the three bears," by the graduated sizes of the baths ; first, a small one for the children ; then a larger one for the ladies, in an inner chamber ; and, finally, the largest for His Majesty the Emperor. The bathrooms are all built of marble inlaid in graceful designs, the baths are square spaces, all of inlaid marble let into the floor. Round the large rooms run marble water-ways, the beds of which used to be inlaid with silver designs that represented fish. Now the spaces are empty, but one can see how pretty the sparkling streams must have been when the waters flowed in their beds. The baths are quite deep and have a ledge running round inside about 2 feet from the bottom.

In the ladies' room is a marble platform where the Begum's toilet used to be performed. In the

outermost room is the fountain of a hundred jets, which sprayed attar of roses or other delicate perfumes on to the luxurious Queens as they passed. Running from side to side of the whole palace, from the baths, through the Audience Chamber, is a wide, shallow, marble-lined waterway, covered in with marble slabs as it passes through the centre of the Hall. It leads on the other side to the ladies' apartments under the famous screen and Arch of Justice. The Arch is ornamented with the scales of justice in gold, with the "Eye of God" painted on the keystone. The screen is a wonderful piece of pierced marble, most delicate and artistic.

The Begum's apartments are all decorated in the same inlaid work, and the colours are now mellow and beautiful. The little prayer-room is a dainty little gem, and one can imagine devout little Begums reading their Quráns and religiously saying their five daily prayers in this chamber. Below these apartments, and reached by some steps now in disrepair, is the water-gate by which the last Emperor tried to escape in the days of the Mutiny. The other parts of the palace have been spoilt with whitewash and vandalism, but since Lord Curzon began his campaign of preservation and restoration much has been done to give back to India the early beauty of her palaces. Adjoining the palace, and in earlier days entered by a private way, is the Pearl Mosque. The traveller now enters through a beautiful bronze



DIVING TANKS AT DELHI.

This is near the beautiful shrine of Nizám-ud-din, about three miles out of Delhi. The boy in the picture is jumping from a height of sixty feet into the water. The tombs of Khusru the poet and the Princess Jahanára are near this tank.

door into the sanctuary of this black and white marble temple with its inimitable atmosphere of peace and devotion. The central dome of the roof will be noticed not to be of the hemispherical type of the others: the tradition is that the Emperor had this distinction made in order to please his favourite wife who was a Hindu, this particular dome being constructed after the Hindu fashion.

The rest of the fort is now disfigured by barracks, very much out of harmony with the grand old architecture around them. The Delhi gate of the fort is remarkable for its two black marble elephants guarding the entrance.

The great, iron-studded gates and the outer bastions show many a mark of the siege of 1857.

Delhi, like so many Eastern cities, is surrounded by a solid wall of masonry, which once withstood for months the combined efforts of a siege-train and repeated assaults, but now is but a shadow of its past strength, for its long gaps and broken walls are eloquent of the Titan struggle that raged around it. The most famous of the gates in this wall are the Kashmir and Mori. By the former is the guardroom where the first attack was made by the mutinous sepoys on their officers, and where some of the ladies vainly sought a refuge, and it was this gate that was nobly breached by the little band of devoted sappers, who thereby gained an entrance for the army of assault led by Nicholson himself; while it was near the latter

gate that that intrepid soldier met his death-wound.

He was shot in the lane beyond the gate whither he had pressed on amid a hail of bullets from the houses round, till his irrestrainable spirit had borne him far ahead of his supports into the midst of his enemies. It was then that he was discovered by a young artillery officer, who was destined to reach the highest post in the army. Lord Roberts thus relates the incident in his "Forty-One Years in India": "While riding through the Kashmir Gate, I observed by the side of the road a 'dhooli' without bearers, and with evidently a wounded man inside. I dismounted to see if I could be of any use to the occupant, when I found, to my grief and consternation, that it was John Nicholson, with death written on his face. He told me that the bearers had put the 'dhooli' down and gone off to plunder; that he was in great pain, and wished to be taken to the hospital. He was lying on his back; no wound was visible, and but for the pallor of his face, always colourless, there was no sign of the agony he must have been enduring. On my expressing a hope that he was not seriously wounded, he said: 'I am dying; there is no chance for me.' I searched about for the 'dhooli' bearers, who, in common with other camp-followers, were busy ransacking houses and shops in the neighbourhood, and carrying off everything of the slightest value they could lay their hands on. Having with

difficulty collected four men, and put them in charge of a sergeant of the 61st Foot, I told him who the wounded man was, and ordered him to go direct to the Field Hospital. This was the last I saw of Nicholson." The grave of the gallant soldier is in the little English cemetery outside the Kashmir Gate, and in the gardens hard by is seen an impressive statue of him, facing the scene of his last great exploit, and in the attitude of encouraging his men on to death or victory.

Memorials of those heroic days are seen in almost every stone round here: the Ridge with its noble monument to the brave soldiers who died in the siege, the church, the Magazine Gateway, Metcalf House, all cry out their story to the passer-by, who is apt to forget in these recent, and therefore more easily realized sorrows, the tragedy of older Delhi, the earliest of whose forts, the "Purána Kila," or Old Fort, stands on a spot of Indrapat, the history of which is lost in the mist of ages. Outside the Delhi and Ajmere Gates lie the forty-five square miles of remains of the older cities—an unparalleled area of graves and dead memories. Here is left a crumbling tomb or mosque, there a ruined fort wall, or a fragment of a once gaily coloured gateway; but the picture is a sad one. About three miles out one comes to one of the most beautiful mausoleums ever conceived, that of Nizám-ud-din, the greatest of all the Chisti saints. Entering through an unpretentious gateway, one is brought up unexpectedly

into the most perfect of marble buildings, in the heart of which lies Nizám-ud-din. The marble floor, the adjoining red sandstone mosque, the gems of marble tombs around, but serve to set off the beauties of this sanctuary.

In a little secluded spot is the tomb of Khusru, the great Persian poet of the fourteenth century, and near by is the simple grave of Jahanára, the devoted Princess who accompanied her father, Shah Jahán, into prison, and whose wish, expressed in the following Persian couplet, is fulfilled to-day:

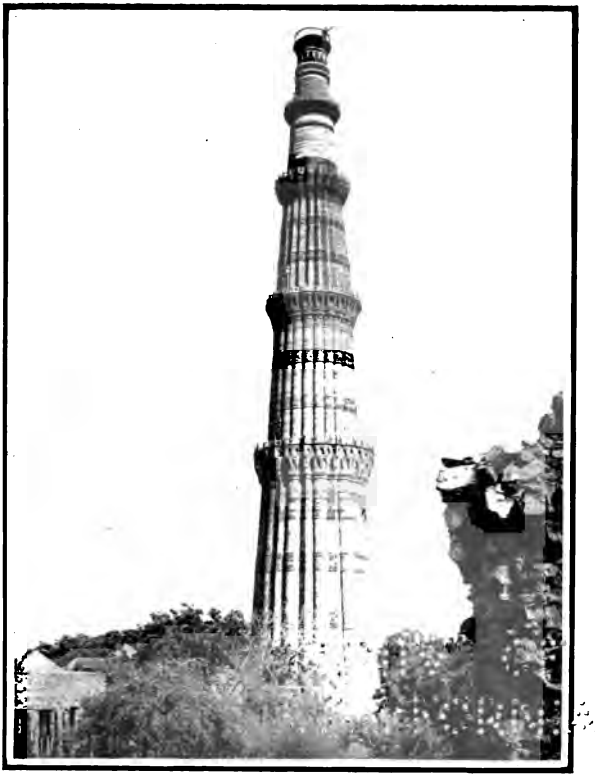
"Bajuz gyáh kas na poshad mazár-má rá
Kih qabr-posh-gharibán hamin gyah bas ast."

(Let no one clothe this grave of mine but with grass;
As a gravestone to the humble in spirit this grass suffices.)

Down crumbling steps and through old cloisters one is led to the sacred tanks, and men and boys wait about here ready to dive from the masonry around into the tank 60 feet below, if they hope to get a few coppers from the visitor.

An even more hazardous way of earning one's living can be witnessed at the diving well near the Kutb Minar, where the professionals dive from ledges that have been constructed at varying heights in the side of the well, and one can watch them with bated breath as they leap down into the black circle of water far below.

On the opposite side of the highroad is the



KUTB MINAR.

This is eleven miles from Delhi, and forms a wonderful monument to a King of the Slave dynasty. It is built on the site of an old Hindu temple, the cloisters of which, with their quaint carvings, stand near the tower.

tomb of the Emperor Humáyun. It is a spacious place with ill-kept gardens, but with beautiful terraces and balconies, whence one can see the great plains of Old Delhi stretching from the Jamna to the spurs of the Aravalli Hills.

Eleven miles from Delhi, standing like some huge sentinel of time over the changing story of the plains below, is the Tower of Victory or Kutb Minár. This was erected in memory of Kutb-ud-din, the founder of the Slave Dynasty of Delhi, by his successor, who came to the throne in A.D. 1210. Kutb-ud-din himself was a Turki slave, who, with one of those strange vagaries of fortune so prominent in Eastern history, became a mighty monarch, just about the time when a humble Mongol herdsman on the shores of Lake Baikal was developing into the conqueror of Asia, Jenghis Khan. It is a graceful tapering pillar of red sandstone, mellowed with seven centuries of sun and rain, yet still proudly rising above the plain below its 250 feet of graceful balconies and ornamented bands, inscribed with texts from the Qurán in gigantic letters. Near the Kutb is an old mosque, whose gateways are still beautiful, and whose picturesque cloisters were once part of a still older Hindu temple. The carvings of the pillars have been much mutilated, but, fortunately, one can still see some of the quaint designs.

Indeed, all the way from here to the Ridge are the remnants of the ancient Hindu city, which was devastated with fire and sword by the ruth-

less warriors who swept down in successive waves from the north-west, and planted the crescent of Islam on the ruined battlements and temples of Hindustan.

It would take several days to exhaust the sights of Delhi. Old tombs, mosques, old cities and forts, temples of Hindu days, and ruined palaces, abound on every hand; but, towering over the present city, and majestic in its site, is the Juma Musjid. The best time for seeing it is the last Friday of the great Fast (Ramzan), when thousands of devout Muhammadans meet at midday, dressed in pure white, to say the Friday prayers together.

As the shadow of the Northern minaret reaches a certain point on the floor of the mosque the mullah mounts his steps and dead silence falls on the waiting multitude, till the great cry of "Allahu Akbar" falls athwart it, and is repeated by 5,000 voices, as the white figures bow, then kneel, then fall on their faces in perfect unison, and with the compelling reverence of unquestioning devotion.

The Chandni Chowk (Silver Street) of Delhi is no longer beautiful, for alas! modernity has invaded its picturesqueness, and electric trams have effectually robbed it of its Oriental atmosphere of leisurely disorderliness. Here one sees the quaint stalls of the fruit-seller under a large torn umbrella, or the trinkets of a charm-vendor jostling the trumpery Brummagem ware of some progressive "cheap Jack."

Delhi and its Empire

Delhi is still one of the best places in North India for seeing the marvellous skill and art displayed in the carving of ivory, and a visit to the workshops is indeed a treat. Here, at least, is no invasion of modern hustle. The ivory-carver has to begin his apprenticeship as a boy, and after years and years of practice he is content if he produces one or two masterpieces in his life-time. True it is that several little things are made for the present market, elephants and baggage-camels, models of the Táj, and so on, but these are but regarded by the artist as practice, and he devotes his days of real work to some intricate pattern on a tusk, with figures carved inside at an apparently inaccessible level, where skill of hand and eye alone can produce a work unsurpassable in minuteness of design and beauty of execution.

A street-show you are very likely to meet with here is that of a snake-charmer. These men look very commonplace, and their armamentarium is simple and humble enough, but the sang-froid and nonchalance with which they handle and toy with snakes of the most venomous varieties, in which often the poison-fangs are still present and fully charged, makes the onlooker shudder. In the photograph of two such snake-charmers four snakes are seen ; the largest is an African rock python, which is preferred by them to the Indian variety, as it is more docile and hardy. In the centre is the dread Indian cobra expanding

its hood and darting its head backwards and forwards with lightning rapidity while it utters that ominous "hiss-s-s-s," which makes the traveller in the jungle turn pale when he hears it from the underwood at his feet. The small wiry snakes are specimens of Russell's viper, the bite of which can kill a man in a few hours. The charmers rattle a little hourglass-shaped drum, which seems to exert a mesmeric influence on the dread ophidians. The crowd throw them coppers and sometimes silver, and the two in the plate seem to have a good number of coins on their cloth.

Behind the Juma Masjid the tourist will find much to interest him in the Chaura Bazaar; here is the continual clank, clank, clank of the brass and copper workers, and outside the shops are piles of vessels of all shapes and sizes, the yellow brass on one side and the red copper on another, for the workers in the two metals are distinct. Gracefully-curved "lotas," elegant candlesticks, household utensils, great and small, are scattered about in endless profusion, and beautiful ornaments can be had at a trifling cost.

Pass on into the old "dariba" so famous in the days of the Mughals, down picturesque, old-fashioned little streets, crowded with a motley assembly, jostling one another in the narrow ways. Do not be deterred by the unattractive, almost squalid, appearance of the shops, but enter a few, and you will find arrayed before you a wealth of silver ornaments and ivory carvings

JUMA MASJID, DELHI.

This is one of the most celebrated places of Muhammadan worship in the whole of India, and there is no more remarkable sight than to see the thousands of worshippers here on the last Friday of Ramzán. Note the quaint camel-carts seen in front.

which would be enough to set up a shop in Regent Street. There are no tables or chairs, but there is a clean white sheet spread over the mats on the floor, and a profusion of cushions and pillows, and round the walls is a picturesque dado of hand-painted cloth, Oriental in design and bizarre in execution. The silver and ivory work which is perfected in these dark little dens cannot be rivalled anywhere. In these same streets you hear the musical rhythm of the beating out of the gold and silver foil for the confectioners, which is done by men beating in unison on marble slabs.

Farther on are the shops full of the little white, or gold-embroidered caps so much worn in this city, piled up tier above tier, from those of plain cotton for the poor man, to those of the most elaborate designs in gold embroidery, suitable for royalty.

Again you come to the jewellers, with shop-fronts replete with rings, and bracelets, and ear-rings, and nose-rings, and anklets, and pendants, gold, silver, precious stones, everything that the skill of man has devised to set off the beauty of woman; and very appropriately it is down this street that marriage processions constantly pass, and as likely as not you may see one, with the trappings, and retinue, and music, and display, in which both rich and poor delight to spend all their available cash at these times, even if they do not incur debt which cripples their enterprise for years. In the Chandni Chowk itself are to be

seen the embroidery shops, where the patient and deft fingers of Eastern workmen have prepared some of the finest robes of European royalty with all the charm of design and minuteness of detail of the Orient.

We have seen how the stones of Delhi tell us stories of past Hindu greatness, of Muhammadan invasions, of Afghan and Mughal dynasties, and of the great siege by which the feeble remnants of Imperial power were swallowed up in the dominance of British rule. Let us conclude by visiting the sleeping city of the Mughal Emperor Akbar. When Akbar wanted a son and heir, it is reported that a faqir told him he would get one by establishing his Court at a place twenty-two miles from Agra. Akbar at once commenced building a city, with palaces, and baths, and all the appurtenances of royalty on a magnificent scale. He lived there with his Court and obtained the desired heir, but after his death, that very heir—Jahangir—abandoned it in favour of Agra, and it was never inhabited again. Down to the present day silence has reigned in its deserted streets, and empty palaces and a desolate magnificence tells of greatness gone, while birds of prey and beasts of the night roam amid the courts and palaces where king and courtiers walked. Visit the place—it is in far too good a state of preservation, even after these three hundred years, to call it a ruin—some moonlit night, and watch the dark shadows of the walls and battlements, and

listen to the night birds' call and the jackals' howl, and sit in the "Khwabgáh" (Hall of Dreams), the Emperor's own bedchamber, and let fancy repeople the ghostly forms around you till you see Akbar himself and his son Salim, to compass whose birth this city was built, and the poet Abu Fazl, and the saint Salim Chishti, and the Turkish Sultana, and the Queen Miriam, and the courtiers, and the nobles, and the warriors, and the sculptors, and the doctors, and the crowds of servitors, and, as in Tennyson's "Day-Dream," they suddenly pulsate with the currents of life restored, and wake up from their three hundred-year sleep. Do this, and the modern world from which you come will seem the illusion and this the reality, such is the enchantment of Fatehpur Sikri.

The Gateway of Victory, which gives access to the great mosque, is possibly the most magnificent gateway in the world. It is 130 feet high, and the towering pile of red sandstone is a landmark in all the country round. Inside the courtyard is the tomb of the saint, and women, both Muhammadan and Hindu, still flock to his shrine in the belief that, as Chishti gave Akbar his heir, prayers at his tomb will bring to them their long-looked-for child. In another place is the grave of a six-months-old innocent, the child of the saint, whose little life was sacrificed that the Emperor's child might live.

CHAPTER VII

THE RELIGIOUS ROMANCE OF THE NORTH

Variety of Religions—The Vedic Dawn—The Origin of Buddhism—The Jains—Islam—The Sikhs—The Arya Somaj—The Brahmo Somaj—Benares—The Bathing Ghâts—The Mosque of Aurangzeb—The Temples—Hardwar—Sadhus and Faqirs—The Muhammadan Cities—The Tâj at Agra—The Tomb of Akbar—The Fulfilment of his Prophecy.

THERE is probably no part of the world of equal extent which has seen such a number of profound religious thinkers, or been the birthplace of so many far-reaching religious movements, as the broad and teeming alluvial plains of the Indus and Ganges in Northern India. It was on the banks of the Indus and its tributaries, when the Aryan colonization of India was in its infancy, and the new settlers were revelling in the abundant fertility and their cattle were fattening on the rich soil, that the ancient Vedic poets composed their hymns to Brahma and the Divine powers of Nature. Then, as the tide of Aryan immigration flowed eastward and southward, and the Hindus drove before them the old Dravidian races and peopled the vast plains of the Ganges

CREMATION ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

"Who dies in the waters of the Ganges obtains heaven." The Hindus were burning their dead on these very banks when the Israelites were in Egypt.

and Jamna, their great philosophers arose, and sat and taught their disciples under the banyan-trees and in the mango-groves, or retired to meditate in the solitude of the dense forests which clothed the lower ranges of the Himalayas.

Here they thought out their theories on the mysteries of life, of pain, of sin, of human spirit, and Divine immanence, and their philosophies have been treasured by generation after generation down to the present time. Here, too, Brahmanical priesthood evolved the most elaborate religious ritual the world has ever seen, and the village priest of the present day can be watched going through strange rites which have been evolved therefrom. It was in the small sub-Himalayan state of Kapila-vastu that Gautama first saw the light, and when, overpowered by the sense of the tragedy of human life, he left his father's kingdom, it was to wander about among the villages and in the jungles of Western Bengal, till, under the celebrated Bo-tree of Gya, he promulgated the sevenfold path, and began to enlist disciples.

Probably he little dreamed that, as the Buddha, his name was going to become a household word over a great part of Asia, while even Brahmanism would, for a time at least, wane before the rapid spread of his cult, which, under the fostering care of some of India's greatest monarchs, was destined to spread through the length and breadth of the land. It was about the same time that Vard-

hamana, or Maha-vira, as he is often known, promulgated his philosophy, which has resulted in the religion of the Jains. Fifteen hundred years later came the irresistible tide of the Muhammadan invasion, which resulted in the conversion of a fifth part of the population of India to the faith of Islam—a faith which shares with Christianity the distinction of being the only non-indigenous faith which has ever been accepted by the people of India.

But the reaction from the stern intolerance of Islam brought forth a new religion, which, first inaugurated by the great apostle of the Punjab, Guru Nanak, has been predominant in that province for the last five hundred years, and now the Sikh religion has more than 1,175,000 adherents in Northern India.

But even now the list of those who have founded vast religious movements is incomplete until we mention at least two remarkable men—the one Keshub Chunder Sen originated in Bengal the Brahmo Somaj, which was a sort of eclectic Hinduism magnetized by the character and example of Christ; the other, Swami Dayanand Saraswati, originated the Arya Somaj in Rajputana and the Punjab, a reformed Hinduism which, though professing to be a return to the ancient faith of the Vedas, seemed more like an attempt to bring orthodox Hinduism into line with modern thought and the liberal ideas of an educated and enlightened laity.

Thus there are no less than nine religions to be met with among the people of North India, of which six—Brahmanical Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Sikhism, and the Arya Somaj and Brahmo Somaj—are indigenous, and three—Islam, Christianity, and Zoroastrianism—have come from outside.

All these religions have their own temples and fanes in all the large towns; but their Meccas and Canterburys differ, and the tourist must learn something about their tenets and their local prevalence in order to profit by a study of the more important sacred places. If it be Hinduism he would know about, let him visit Benares, "the city of trampled flowers," as it has been called, and then Hardwar. Every pious Hindu would like to die in one or other of these places, where his dying eyes might rest on the sacred river, while its holy waters laved his limbs at the last, and his calcined ashes might be finally committed to the stream.

Benares is situate on the left bank of the Ganges, 120 miles below its junction with the Jamna, and 421 miles above Calcutta. It is known to Hindus as Kasi, and looked on by many as the most holy place in all India. There is a river frontage of three miles given up to bathing "ghâts," and temples. The "ghâts" are composed of long series of stone steps by which the bathers descend into the sacred waters, and while at Benares you must rise early one morning

and with the help of a guide, or a friend who knows the customs of the place, you must go to see them, as in the early morning they are one of the sights of the world. It is well to be with someone who knows the Hindu, as no town is so full of ritual and holy places as Benares, and the traveller may unwittingly desecrate some holy spot or offend the religious susceptibilities of the people, and become the cause of much trouble to himself and to others. Perhaps the best way is to hire a boat and slowly float down the stream. The banks are thick with bathers of every description and age; there is no laughter or play; it is as serious a matter as a cathedral service, and on the correct performance of the right number of dips with the right Sanskrit phrases depends the spiritual efficacy of the ceremony. It matters not that the waters are turbid with mud, or fœtid with decaying garlands, or black with cinders from the burning "ghát"; their power to cleanse the sinful soul and purify the worshipper suffers no taint. Stop a moment and watch the stream of humanity ascending and descending the "ghát" steps; see them jostling against the sacred cows; watch the gaze of deep religious fervour on the faces of some, the stony indifference of others who still perfunctorily perform a rite though the religious flame has long since died away in their hearts, and only a stony cynicism is left to them; and then again see the cupidity and cunning of those holy Brahmans who seem only to care for getting their doles from the

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BATHING GHÁT, BENARES.

The devout Hindus are seen in the various attitudes of their ceremonial ablutions. In the middle of the picture is seen a man with his hands together paying his adoration to the rising sun. Most of the other attitudes are those which are prescribed in detail by their religious books.

pilgrims, be they rich or poor, and have reduced their vicarious priesthood to the level of a mercenary trade.

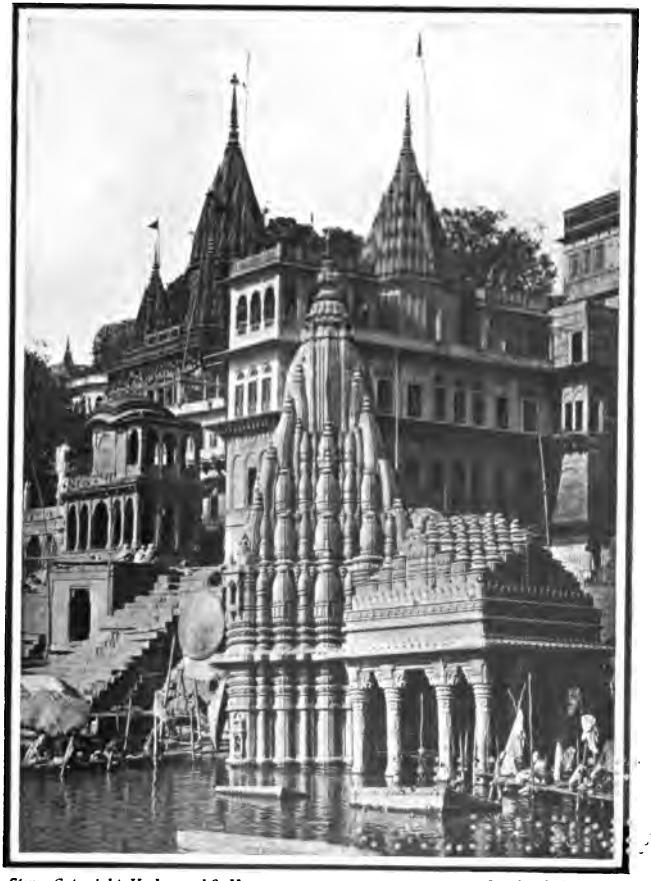
Those people with the large umbrellas are "Sadhus," or holy men, who have taken up their abode here and live on the offerings of the pious. In order to supply the burning ghâts with fuel, boats come down laden with wood from up river, and it is then stacked by the "ghâts" and sold by the merchants to the friends of the dead man. The body is first laved in the river, and then placed on the pyre; more wood is put over it, and "ghée" (clarified butter) is poured over all. The nearest relation then sets a light to the pyre, and in an hour only a few calcined bones are left, which are then thrown into the river. When the deceased is poor, his relations sometimes cannot afford sufficient wood and oil, and the work is only incompletely done; but the remains are pushed off into the river all the same, and the alligators and vultures do the rest.

Looking down the river you see the handsome minarets of a fine mosque towering over the other buildings on the bank, and keeping guard like some proud janitor over the city and its temples. And such, indeed, it is, a monument to the humiliation of the Hindus under the heel of their proud and fanatical oppressor Aurangzeb. This King, the last great monarch of the Mughal line, would lief have exterminated Hindus and all heretics from his dominions; but this being an impossible

task, he had to content himself with everywhere subjecting them to indignities and disabilities, and here, in the very centre of their holy of holies, he built a mosque out of the very stones of their dismantled temples, that all might bow before the might of conquering Islam.

Before you go home to breakfast get your guide or friend to take you through the streets of the city, past some of the most famous temples in all India. But so narrow and winding are the streets and so overshadowing are the ramshackle houses and shops that line them, that it is often impossible to get a view of the architectural beauty and design of the temples that are interspersed among them. Men and women are hurrying along in every direction, carrying little brass baskets of flowers, rice, and other items which have to be offered at the various shrines; they are muttering Sanskrit verses as they go, and they pay no attention to you or anything else equally mundane; they are utterly and irrevocably absorbed in the act of worship they are engaged in, that of hurrying round to temple after temple, offering some flowers, rice, vermilion, etc., before each idol, and reciting the Sanskrit verses which do service for prayers; the time is short, the temples are many, and they carry it all out with the most pathetic seriousness.

This is one side of Hinduism, the religious life of the laity, of the householders. Go to Hardwar, and you will see the monks or "Sanyásis" of Hinduism—men all clad in ochre garments—who have



RIVERSIDE, BENARES.

Where the living are bathed and the dead are burned. Notice the characteristic Hindu architecture of the temples, which contrasts so with the Muhammadan mosques.

forsaken the world and adopted a life of seclusion and meditation. They will probably not deign to speak to you; they may ignore your existence, for their aim is not to benefit or enlighten others, but to progress themselves on the thorny and difficult road which leads to the emancipation of the soul from the trammels of matter and bodily passions. There is one class among them so peculiarly Hindu in thought and Indian in expression that every traveller has had his attention drawn to them and marvelled at the contortion of ideas which has engendered this travesty of human ideal. Yet of all the varieties of Sadhus, they are the least spiritual and the greatest charlatans. Unlike the retiring and meditative Sanyási, they court publicity and love to be surrounded by an awestruck and worshipping throng in some crowded mart, and they thrive on the credulity of the multitude, who worship them as demi-gods and esteem it an act of merit to give them money and food. Some of them lie on boards covered with spikes; others make their beds on rough stones where the bones of an ordinary individual would ache if he reclined for a few moments. Some light four fires and then sit between them, with no protection from the sun all through a scorching summer day when everyone is seeking protection indoors or under the shade of the trees; others bury their heads in the earth and remain in this inverted position with their bodies exposed to the elements. Some hold up one or both arms

till they wither and the sinews contract and the joints stiffen and they become unable ever to use them again; others load themselves with heavy chains, mutilate their bodies, keep their faces raised to the sky till the burning sun withers the eyes in their sockets—in short, there is no extravagance of torture which these men have not inflicted on themselves in the desire to gain merit with God and applause with men.

If you have learnt their language enough to converse, their thoughts and ideals still are left unlearnt, and far more difficult to learn, and it is probable you will leave them as one of the inscrutable enigmas of humanity.

It is one of the anomalies of India that her people love their religion with a passionate love, though the two greatest of those religions—Islam and Hinduism—are at opposite poles in thought, in practice, and in character, and you would imagine that they never could appeal with equal force to people who are one in life, in nationality, and in temperament.

If you would study Muhammadanism, go to Delhi, Agra, Aligarh, and Lucknow.

Even the language bears the imprint of the religion, for while in chiefly Hindu cities the Urdu is largely composed of Sanskrit and Hindu words, in the above-mentioned Muhammadan cities the Urdu is Persianized to such an extent as almost to seem a new language; yet it is merely because religion permeates the minutest details of

THE TÁJ, AGRA.

This gem of architecture is reputed to be one of the most exquisitely perfect buildings in the world.

the life of both Muhammadan and Hindu, and the former seeks to paint everything in colours from the holy lands of Islam—Persia and Arabia; while the Hindu has recourse to his indigenous Hindi and Sanskrit, in which his religion, like himself, was born.

Muhammadan history and thought is depicted in their architecture, and their architecture may be studied in their palaces, their tombs, and their mosques. If you would know all about the first-named, go to Delhi, and read the chapter describing it. If you would see their tombs, go to Agra, and you will see two of the most wonderful tombs in the world and the most beautiful piece of architecture in all India. It is perhaps characteristic of India that the most lavish expenditure should have gone to make a tomb into the most perfect dream of beauty to be seen in any building of the world. But it is a surprise to many to be told that it was all for the tomb of a woman. Shah Jahan was a contemporary of Charles I., and we owe to him some of the most beautiful buildings of India; but the most beautiful of all is the tomb which he built to be the last resting-place of his beloved Queen, Arjumand Banu. This is a magnificent building of white marble with a dazzling white dome in the centre, of such graceful proportions that one scarcely realizes its great size, and smaller domes around it. At the four corners are four minarets, somewhat less than the dome in height and each of itself a work of

beauty. The walls are all covered with delicate coloured mosaic, made by insetting carefully cut and beautifully matched pieces of precious stones such as carnelian, agate, jade, onyx, garnets, etc. It has been said of the Mughal Emperors that they built like giants and finished like goldsmiths, and you will see the truth of this when you go inside the tomb and see the marvels of workmanship inside. The pavement is of white and black marble. The dome rises into the darkness 160 feet above you. All the walls around you are inlaid with texts from the Qurán and decorative patterns. There is a beautifully inlaid inscription over the entrance door: "Only the Pure in Heart can enter the Garden of God." The latticed marble screens that surround the tombs are marvels of delicate workmanship. "Year after year the best workmen in India chiselled away the marble to produce that fairy-like fretwork of gleaming white. Year after year patient toilers spent in cutting tiny bits of sardonyx, turquoise, garnet, agate, malachite, every sort of bright-coloured stones, and fitting them into cunningly prepared spaces to make those jewel embroideries of the upright and horizontal panels and of the space over the archway. Every inch of the mosaic is as perfect in its detail and finish as if it were intended for the brooch of a queen, and there are thousands of square feet of mosaic like this in different parts of the building."*

* "Notes of Travels." Underwood and Underwood.

The Religious Romance

Shah Jahan and Arjumand Banu do not lie in the sarcophagi which you see here, but in a vault below, where similar encasements conceal their coffins of gold. On the tomb is inscribed: "This world is a bridge; pass thou over it; build not upon it. It lasteth but an hour. Devote its minutes to thy prayers, for the rest is unseen and unknown."

Do not be content with going to the Táj on a busy morning with a garrulous party of sightseers, but go to it again in silence and in solitude some moonlit evening, and sit among the cypresses and think and meditate and learn. The Táj will speak and tell you of dynasties, of Kings now dead and gone, of a dream of pure love amid the intrigues and passions of a palace, of human thought reaching up and clasping the Divine, of the soul of a race and the faith of a soul which live on for ever though men and manners change. Next morning take a carriage and drive out to Sikandra, five miles distant, and see the tomb of Akbar. Take with you some short history of Akbar's reign and times, and Tennyson's poem "Abdul Fazl," and read them there—Akbar the philosopher King, contemporary of good Queen Bess, under whose beneficent and enlightened rule the Muhammadan Empire of Delhi reached the zenith of its power and extent, and at whose Court the Goan padre was as welcome as the Hindu Pantheist.

Akbar was probably the greatest of the Mughal

Emperors, and as was the custom then he built his own tomb. It served as a place of entertainment and recreation during his lifetime, and after his death was given over to the care of religious custodians, who were fed by the liberality of the Emperors in those days, and now earn a more precarious livelihood from the offerings of pilgrims and tips of visitors, and from the sale of the fruit of the garden belonging to the tomb.

The tomb is approached by means of a magnificent gateway, which is itself a palace. The four minarets which adorn it are broken, but the remaining portions are 60 feet high. The building is of red sandstone beautifully inlaid with white marble in the most elegant patterns. Lord Curzon has done much to arrest the process of disintegration which was threatening to destroy this beautiful building, and he has restored much that was already defaced. The tomb itself is of red sandstone elaborately inlaid, and is of four stories. The terrace of the first story is 320 feet square, and the body of the Emperor rests in a marble sarcophagus in a chamber below it. The upper stories are of white marble and the windows filled with lattices of delicately carved work. On the top story is the marble cenotaph which represents the tomb of the Emperor and where the Koh-i-noor once rested, and now pilgrims can be seen prostrate in prayer or sitting in silent meditation; and the visitor must be strangely callous and unimaginative who does not feel the spirit of the

THE TOMB OF AKBAR.

The magnificent tomb is chiefly built of red sandstone. The terrace on which the picture is taken is 320 feet square, and is a whole story above the surrounding. The third story is of white marble. Notice the marble lattice slabs cut into a lace-like network of frosty white.

mighty past and of the veiled beyond uniting amid the solemn grandeur around, and veiling him for the time being from the bustling world without by a curtain of meditation and of commune "where spirit with spirit doth meet."

It would be appropriate if those prophetic words which Tennyson puts into the mouth of Akbar when addressing Abdul Fazl were blazoned on his tomb:

> "From out the sunset poured an alien race,
> Who fitted stone to stone again, and Truth,
> Peace, Love, and Justice came and dwelt therein;
> Nor in the field without were seen or heard
> Fires of sutti, nor wail of baby wife,
> Or Indian widow; and in sleep I said:
> 'All praise to Allah, by whatever hands
> My mission be accomplished!'"

For just over the way, even occupying not unappropriately the tomb of Miriam, who was Akbar's Christian wife, is a Christian mission, where the traveller may see the fulfilment of the prophecy. And here I may take the opportunity of saying that the tourist will do well if he will take the trouble to visit the Christian missions at the towns which he visits. The missionaries are not men who will obtrude themselves or their work on his notice in any ostentatious way, but if he will look them up, he will get a welcome, and he will meet with men and women who know the people in a way that only those who have spent a great part of their lives among and with and for

them possibly can, and he will probably be able to form a truer estimate of many of the great social, religious, and political problems which are exercising the minds of India's statesmen to-day.

CHAPTER VIII

WHERE FAITHS ARE BORN

The Sikhs—The Tank of Immortality—The Golden Temple—The Story of the Gurus—The Arya Somaj—Its Founder and Ideals—The Brahmo Somaj—Buddhism—The Jains—Their Temples—Christianity in India—Indian Churches.

THE headquarters of the Sikh religion are at Amritsar in the Punjab, and their Holy of Holies is the gorgeous Golden Temple, which attracts thousands of devout Sikhs from all parts, and which alone will repay the visit of the tourist to this busy market and manufacturing town of the North. The Golden Temple is situate on a small island in the middle of a lake of beautifully clear water, from which the town (Water of Immortality) gets its name. The tank and temple were built by Ram Das, the fourth Sikh Guru in the latter half of the sixteenth century. They were destroyed by the Muhammadans in the eighteenth century, but were rebuilt with increased magnificence. The tank is over 400 feet square, and has a handsome marble pavement all round it. Numbers of Sadhus, devotees and men-

dicants, frequent the precincts of the tank, and some spend their whole lives here. Multitudes of pilgrims come to profit by the healing properties of the water, and by their offerings help to keep up the large establishment of the place. The temple itself stands on a platform 65 feet square, which is approached by a marble causeway over 200 feet long, through the waters of the tank. The lower part of the temple is of decorated and inlaid white marble, and the superstructure is of gilded copper, which glints and glows and glistens in the rays of the Eastern sun. The Sikhs abhor idol worship, so the central feature in this building is their Holy Book, the "Granth," which lies open on a gorgeous canopy on the east side, and is approached with marks of profound veneration by all the worshippers. The walls are covered with texts from it in the Gurmukhi script. Little offerings of sugar and cardamom are made to the visitor, who may give a silver coin in return. It is obligatory for the visitor to remove his boots before entering the temple; among Easterns it is a heinous offence for anyone to pollute a holy place by entering it wearing boots, which are presumably soiled with the impurities of the streets, and the visitor should always aim at avoiding offending the susceptibilities of the people.

There are numerous other objects to be seen, all connected with the history or religion of the Sikhs. One interesting act of initiation of new disciples

THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR.

This is the religious centre of the Sikh religion. The temple stands in the lake which gives its name to the town, "The Fountain of Life." Notice the three ascetics in the foreground, and the man with his back turned is probably seeking to obtain a blessing from the devotees.

points back to the time when the young men were enlisted to fight for their faith against Muhammadan aggression. The novice drinks water which trickles from a sword over which it is poured. He vows to defend his faith with his life-blood. Guru Nanak, the founder of the Sikh faith, was born on the banks of the River Ravi, near Lahore, in A.D. 1467. He was a philosopher of a deeply religious cast of mind, and, puzzled and distressed by the conflict of faiths which he saw around him, conceived the idea of founding a faith which, by combining the best points of the Muhammadan and Hindu religions, should draw all men together into one fold. Like others who have attempted similar projects, he failed in this, but succeeded in founding a new religion, and adding one more to the faiths of the world. His tenth successor in the post of Guru, or spiritual leader of the people, was Guru Gobind Singh, and under him the Sikh religion took on an entirely new phase. Exasperated by the fanatical persecutions of the Muhammadan rulers, he organized his followers into a military sect, and gave them the name of "Singh," or lions, and from that time the Sikh religion, instead of trying to bridge the gulf between Hindu and Muhammadan, became the great antagonist of Muhammadan aggression, and its young men were formed into one of the most remarkable military brotherhoods India has ever seen, and thus was evolved that fine martial race of the Punjab, from which the Indian army

recruits some of its smartest regiments. The Sikhs are never allowed to use scissors or razor to their hair, so they can be readily recognized by their long hair tied up in a knot on the top of their head, and the voluminous and tastefully folded turban which covers it, and which they almost constantly wear. They are tall, stalwart fellows, unsurpassed in height or physique by any men in the Indian army.

The founder of the Arya Somaj was a high-caste Brahman of great Sanskrit learning, Swámi Dayanand Saraswati. Early in his life he was disgusted with the idol worship of orthodox Hinduism, and with the frauds perpetrated on the ignorant people by unscrupulous Brahmans. He was shrewd enough to see the trend of the social and intellectual upheaval which was resulting from the incoming tide of Western thought and civilization. So he set himself the task of evolving from the ancient Hindu Scriptures, the Vedas, a Hinduism which might claim to be absolutely Indian and orthodox, and yet be so enlightened in both its intellectual and social aspects that the most scientific students and the most radical reformers might equally well find a home in it. He threw over idolatry and priest-craft there and then; he swept away the old Hindu mythology and substituted teachings, which he claimed to have derived from the Vedas, though so transformed that from the scientific and intellectual standpoint they might bear comparison

with the latest researches of the West. He made the reformed religion so intensely national and virile that it came under serious suspicion of being radically political in its aims; and forsaking the old philosophical and tolerant attitude of the Hindu towards other religions, he started on an aggressive crusade against Islam and Christianity as well as against the orthodox party, or Sanatan Dharm, as it is generally called.

The movement spread rapidly over North-Western India, but met with much less success in other parts of the country.

In any of the large towns of the north-west, if you inquire for the Arya Somaj, you will be welcomed to a service which is entirely Hindu, yet is quite free from idolatrous practices, and gives prominence to the discussion of religious and social questions.

The Brahmo Somaj is another phase of reformed Hinduism, but absolutely different in its origin and nature from the last. Its home is in Bengal, and it has never made many converts in Western India. Its originators were men who were entranced by the life and doctrine of Christ, but were repelled by the forms of Christianity which were offered for their acceptance. They then attempted to form a Christian community within the pale of Hinduism, and if you attend some of their services where the Bible is the book most evident and most honoured, and listen to the prayers and the hymn-singing and the addresses,

you might imagine yourself in a Nonconformist Christian place of worship.

Though Buddhism was at one time universal and supreme in Northern India, it is now relegated to Ceylon, Burma, and Tibet, and though you will meet with many relics of bygone Buddhism from Gya and Benares in the east to Peshawar in the north, you will probably meet no living votaries of the faith unless you travel to one of the Himalayan hill-stations on the border of Tibet or Bhutan, such as Darjeeling.

In Mount Abu you will find the wonderful Jain temples which take you back to the ancient Hindu philosophies of 500 years before the Christian era. Mount Abu itself is a granite peak rising 6,000 feet high out of the plains of Rajputana. The ascent is by a steep and rough mountain-path, but the sight that greets you in the hollow of the summit well repays the labour of the ascent. The temples are of exquisitely carved marble, and the pious Jains who built them 700 years ago had to bring all the stones from quarries 300 miles away, and then carry them laboriously up that steep hillside. But they thought it worth while that they might raise a lasting monument to their faith, and carry out its peaceful rites on this solitary hill-top away from the din of cities and crash of dynasties.

One of the most magnificent temples in India is a Jain temple in Calcutta which was built by a millionaire Jain. The following description of it

BUDDHIST PAGODA.

This is in the Eden Gardens, Calcutta, and is an example of the Burmese style of architecture.

is taken from Underwood's "Notes of Travel": "At the first glance you hardly begin to realize the marvellous elaboration of the building, but as you look at it more closely you see that every square foot of the surface is decorated as if it were a jewel box. The chief material is white marble. You can see how it has been chiselled into elaborately lace-like patterns of ornament; notice for example that square-topped gateway at the foot of the great staircase, and the curving balustrades at the head of the same staircase—they are like the work of a goldsmith for intricacy of line. The posts of that gateway and the wall spaces of the façade are almost entirely covered with a mosaic made of bits of marble and bits of mirror glass, which reflect the light in such a way as to give the effect of incrustation with diamonds. If you go inside you would find enshrined images of old time 'tirthankars' or prophets of the Jainist faith."

The Jains are now chiefly met with in Mewar, Guzerat, and upper Malabar, and the sect is divided into two divisions, the Digambaras or sky-clothed, and the Swetambaras or white-clothed. The recluses of the former sect still remain unclothed, but the people at large conform to the requirements of society, All, however, are scrupulously careful to avoid the destruction of any kind of animal life, and to this end they carry fans and carefully brush the place where they intend to sit, lest any living creature be accident-

ally crushed, and for the same reason their wooden shoes are raised on pieces of wood projecting fore and aft. Even the minute insects which flourish at the expense of man himself are objects of their anxious solicitude.

This chapter cannot be closed without a mention of the Indian Christian community which, though still numerically small, is educated and influential, and is increasing more rapidly than any other community in the country. In 1901 the census returns showed that there were 2,700,000 Christians in India, of whom 250,000 were European and Eurasian. The Christians had increased 30 per cent. in the last decade, this being more than four times the growth of the whole population.

Though no Indian has yet been raised to the episcopate, yet there are many Indian clergymen, converts from Hinduism and Islam, who by their learning, devotion, and spirituality would adorn any Christian synod in the West.

Raja Sir Harnam Singh Ahluwallia, K.C.I.E., an Indian Christian convert of the Punjab, has been a member of the Viceroy's Council, and there are many other distinguished men in the community who have shown that they are capable of the highest and most responsible positions in politics, in administration, and in professional life. With the spread of Christianity in India, the fanes of that religion have begun to rise side by side with those of Islam and Hinduism. They are two

in origin and character—there are the cathedrals and cantonment churches, mostly in Western styles of architecture, which have been raised by public subscription and Government funds combined for the worship of the European community in India; and, on the other hand, there are the Indian Christian churches, mostly in Oriental style, erected by the Christian converts and the missionaries. A beautiful example of the latter class may be seen in All Saints' Church, Peshawar. This church was erected in 1884, right in the heart of this great Muhammadan city, and the architecture is an adaptation of an Oriental mosque to Christian worship, while there appears to be some adaptation in idea, too, as the church faces Jerusalem just as mosques face Mecca. The dome-covered cupola of the tower is seen from a great distance, and the sound of the Christian bell mingles with the "Azan," or Muhammadan call to prayer, from the mosques around. The texts in various Oriental languages painted on the walls; the screen of wood, beautifully carved in Peshawar itself; the painted window in memory of Sir Herbert Edwardes, who held Peshawar during the anxious days of the Mutiny; the swarthy Afghans who form the congregation; the strange sound of the English service in the Pashtu (or Afghan) language, are only a few of the things that make this one of the most interesting places of Christian worship in India.

CHAPTER IX

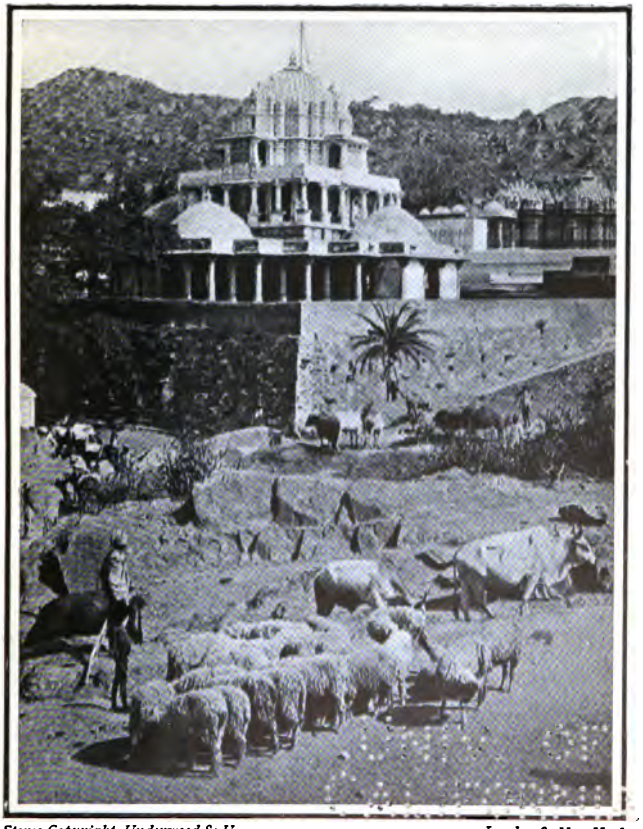
RURAL LIFE

Importance of the Villages—The Representatives of the "Sarkár"—The "Patwári"—The Police Officials—How the People are Governed—The Centre of Village Life—The Work of the Women—Fetching the Water—Midday Rest—Village Diet—Lawful and Unlawful—Sobriety of the People—Their Contentment and Hospitality—Poverty of the People—Ravages of the Plague—Strange Suspicions—The Advent of Famine—The Struggle with Death.

NO one can say he knows India and its people who has not lived among its rural population and camped among its villages.

By far the greater number of the people of India dwell in villages, and here we find people living, and buying, and selling, and sowing, and toiling, and marrying, and giving in marriage, much as they did in the old Vedic times. The post-office and the Government official are there, it is true, to remind them of the beneficence and the dignity of the far-off "Sarkár," which rules in the great city they have heard many tales about but have never seen, and which they only know in the person of the village bailiff or local police

NOTE.—In India more than 97 per cent. of the population live in villages or in towns of less than 50,000 inhabitants. In England the proportion is 68 per cent.



A JAIN TEMPLE.

On Mount Abu in Rajputana. Magnificent buildings of white marble, which was laboriously brought a distance of three hundred miles, and then up the side of the mountain, more than seven hundred years ago. These temples form fitting records of the religious devotion which has always characterized the people of India.

officer, personages who too often set their own dignity and enrichment before the prestige of the Government they represent.

The most ubiquitous official in the villages is the "patwári," or village bailiff, a man who keeps the records of all lands and crops and assessments, and transacts business such as transfers of landed property, measuring land, and drawing plans. He naturally commands much influence in the village, as the incidence of taxes depends largely on his report of the crops, and unfortunately he often uses this power to enrich himself and oppress the people. His pay is small—less than £1 a month—on which he is supposed to feed and educate his family; but he rarely relies, or could rely, only on this. A "patwári" had been guilty of some rascality, and his superior officer was debating whether to suspend him from office or cut his pay. The man begged for the latter, exclaiming, with more candour than discretion, that he could live well enough without his pay, but would starve without his post. The headmen of the village are variously called "máliks," or "nambardárs," or "lambardárs," and are responsible to the Government for the good behaviour of the village and collection of taxes. Their office is hereditary, but they are often deposed for incompetence or disloyalty, and others put in their place. Under them are one or more "chaukidárs," or peons, who carry the village gossip, preserve order, report births, deaths, the advent of strangers, and so on.

They receive a few rupees monthly from Government, as well as a blue padded coat and a blue "pagri," which give them the dignity of Government officials and authorize them to exact deference and respect from the common herd.

Then there are the police officials, a much-maligned class, who are, after all, probably not a whit more corruptible than their brethren in many Christian countries. The system differs from the Western in that the force is less scattered, the men are concentrated in posts which are more or less fortified, and from these they patrol the country and follow up any raids, robberies, murders, or other crimes. This leaves the headmen of the villages more freedom to manage their own villages, and economizes the force. Were India to be policed after the fashion in England the country could not bear the enormous outlay that would be required. The grades are: sergeant, deputy-inspector (called in vernacular "thánadár"), inspector, and district superintendent, the last-mentioned being most commonly an Englishman, and called by the people the "polís captán."

The civil grades over the "patwári" are "náib-tahsildár," "tahsildár," extra assistant-commissioner, assistant-commissioner, deputy-commissioner, and commissioner. In the United Provinces and Bengal the grades below a commissioner are known as collector and deputy-collector.

If the commissioner wants any work done, it

THRESHING.

Bullocks perform nearly all the work on an Indian farm, horses never being used for ploughing, or, indeed, for any purpose except carrying loads, drawing carts, or as mounts.

filters down grade by grade to the humble "patwári," and the report of it ascends the same ladder, each official adding his remarks or emendations on the way. If he disapproves of the report, he censures the deputy-commissioner, the deputy-commissioner calls for an explanation from the assistant-commissioner, the assistant-commissioner has a serious talk with the extra-assistant-commissioner, the extra-assistant-commissioner rates the "tahsildár," the "tahsildár" abuses the "náib-tahsildár," the "náib-tahsildár" kicks the "patwári," and the "patwári" takes a bribe from the cultivator, and then sits down and writes a new report, which finally climbs up the ladder to the commissioner himself. If the great man is pleased, he will write and thank the deputy-commissioner, who will smile genially on the assistant-commissioner, who will pat the extra-assistant-commissioner on the back, who will ask the "tahsildár" round to dinner, who will send some sweetmeats to the "náib-tahsildár," who will promise to recommend the "patwári" for promotion, who will make a note in his register that the farmers have had a bad year, and might be remitted some taxation.

Finally, if the "patwári" and the grades above him have been industrious and furnished plenty of good material for a report, the commissioner stands a good chance of getting a C.I.E., and then the subordinate officials will get up a garden-party in his honour, and make speeches saying that he has exceeded Naushirwán in his justice

and surpassed Solomon in his wisdom, and that, when he leaves the district, they are sure the birds will cease their singing, and the clouds will cease to rain, and then they all go home, hoping that they are all one step nearer promotion themselves, and look about to see who is the next person with influence enough to hasten it.

The centre of village life is the "chauk"; this is comparable to the inn or public-house of an English village, in so far as it is the place where travellers rest and are regaled, where much of the village, business is transacted, and where the men wile away their leisure time smoking the hookah and gossiping. But there are great differences, too; it is the property of the headman, or of one of them, if there are several, and you cannot buy anything there, but are dependent on his hospitality. If there are several headmen to a village, each has his own "chauk," and you can go to any of them and be sure, at least, of a meal and a night's rest. A bed is brought you, and if the headman knows you, or your status seems to make it becoming, then rugs, quilts, and pillows are also brought. Soon follows tea, and you are usually politely asked whether you will have black (Indian) or green (Chinese) tea. A tray is brought in with dainty little Russian cups without saucers, and unless your host is Anglicized, or has learnt the habits of Europeans, the milk and sugar are mixed in the teapot, and a flavour of cardamom seeds added. The tea is very sweet,

HARVESTING.

Labour is plentiful and time is seldom pressing, so the work is done leisurely, and the labourers usually cut the corn in a squatting position.

but when the taste is acquired the flavour is delightful, and the beverage more wholesome and sustaining than most of what passes by the name of tea in the West. In the winter evenings the men of the village gather into the "chauk," and the subjects of discussion range from the monsoon rains and the harvest to politics and the eccentricities of "Sahib-log" (Europeans).

Pass by a village in the early morning before the first streak of dawn has glimmered in the East, before even chanticleer has spoken, and you will hear the sounds of the corn being ground for the day's consumption. This is done by the women of the household, who get up for the purpose long before their lords are awake, and sit two together at each mill and grind, just as they did in Palestine when the Bible was being written. The most conspicuous object in the village house is the corn-bin, a huge earthen erection filling up one end of the room like a vast pitcher. At the bottom of the bin is a small opening large enough to take a man's arm, and from that the daily supply is removed. Sometimes instead of being made of earth it is made by simply tying a grass mat round four stakes driven into the floor of the hut. Then, after sufficient meal has been ground, the women start off with their pitchers to draw the water for the household. They balance two or even three pitchers on their heads, and walk along with a graceful carriage, steadying them by a slight touch of one hand. The Hindus prefer

brass vessels and the Muhammadans earthen ones. In some parts of the country where water is scarce they have to walk even as much as six or seven miles to the water-supply; a march of twelve or fourteen miles as only one item in the daily round of labour. In such cases they use donkeys for carrying the water, which is poured into goat-skins, and then one goat-skin is tied on each side of the donkey in a netting made of grass beaten and woven together. These skins keep the water beautifully cool. After bringing the water home the woman feeds the livestock, milks the cows and buffaloes, and cleans the house, and then sets about preparing the morning meal, which is partaken of about eleven in the morning, the men and grown boys eating first, and then the women and children.

This over, if it is the hot weather, all the household retire to rest and to sleep, the women in the house, and the men under the trees, or in any shady place, especially if one can be found near the well or by the riverside. About 4 p.m. people begin to wake up, the women take their spindle and distaff, or do some sewing, and the men do any farm or field-work that may be needed. A little later and the women set about preparing the evening meal, which is eaten about 9 p.m. After this the men resort to the "chauk" and smoke and chat till it is cool enough to go off to their homes to sleep, but the young unmarried men sleep at the "chauk," and only go home for meals.

A VILLAGE HOMESTEAD.

In the dry climate of the Punjab the roofs are flat and made of mud, while in the United Provinces and Bengal, where there is more rain, they have thatched roofs.

The staple food is some kind of cereal grain, ground and made up into thin unleavened cakes. Those who can afford it use wheat, the poorer classes Indian corn, millet, or barley. In Bengal rice is the staple food, and fish is much eaten. Elsewhere the bread is eaten with either milk, whey, curds, lentils, pulse, spinach, or other vegetables; the Hindus rarely take meat, but the Muhammadans and Sikhs enjoy it, though the villagers cannot afford it more than once a week at most. On the Muhammadan feast-days meat is *de rigueur*, and it is usual for the headmen or officials to kill one or more animals and distribute the meat to the poorer people. The Muhammadans eat beef, mutton, or goat, the Sikhs only the two latter, while pork is only eaten by the lowest classes of the people. Fowls are eaten by all, but are too expensive for ordinary occasions except to the rich. The Muhammadans slay by cutting the throat, uttering at the same time the words, "Allahu Akbar" (God is great). If the words have not been properly said, or the blood not allowed to escape, the animal is unlawful, hence the haste with which your "shikári," or huntsman, runs to cut the throat of an animal you have shot but not killed, and which only in this way becomes lawful food for him. The locust and the fish are excepted from this rule, because of the tradition that, when Abraham was about to slay his son (Ismail according to Moslems), and his hand was stayed by the angel, he threw his

knife away into the air, where it cut off the head of a locust, then it fell into the sea, where it cut off the head of a fish, and thus these two animals were made lawful to Muhammadans for ever after without any further need of the knife. The Sikh kills a bird by wringing its neck, and a larger animal by cutting its head off.

The striking features of an Indian village are the sobriety and contentment of the people, their simple hospitality, and deep religious spirit. In the villages of North India alcoholic drunkenness is almost unknown, except where there has been contamination by the West; but this cannot, unfortunately, be said of other intoxicating drugs; and opium, Indian hemp, and other drugs are indulged in with destructive effects, though the results are not so obvious as those of alcoholic indulgence, and do not lead to wife-beating and cut heads.

Then the life of the peasants is simple and frugal, and they have not yet discovered that they need the hundred and one things that make life in the West one of laborious luxury. A bed, a corn-bin, a few cooking pots, a box or basket for gala-day clothes, and a few trinkets, and the peasant is happy and contented, and sees no reason for wearying himself with incessant labour, or trying to undersell his neighbour, or making a corner in wheat. Their wants are few and easily supplied; the only things which they have to buy from travelling merchants, or journey to the

A VILLAGE WELL.

This is a type of pump found in some of the more civilized villages of Western India and the United Provinces. The shape of the copper vessel on the ground shows to the initiated that it belongs to a Hindu. In North-West India the Muhammadans use earthen vessels, and the wells are all of the primitive type, where leathern bottles or iron dippers are let down by a long rope, and mostly worked by a Persian wheel.

market-town for, are salt, a few condiments, matches, and little trinkets, such as the small pocket-mirrors which the beaux and belles like to have always handy.

Their fare may be poor and meagre, but their hospitality is hearty, and the stranger is welcome to whatever fare they are partaking of themselves. As an old English proverb says, "If there is room in the heart, there is room on the hearth," and their welcome is genial, even though there be nothing on the hearth but simple wheaten cakes.

There is an almost Biblical ceremony in receiving travellers; after the usual salutations water is brought for washing hands and feet, and the woman of the house hastens to prepare a meal.

Once I arrived at a village "chauk" and sat down, and shortly a good-looking, well-to-do individual appeared. Suspecting him to be the owner of the "chauk," I addressed him saying, "Is this your 'chauk,' Khan Sahib?" He replied, "It is God's first and mine afterwards; you are welcome here."

Another pleasant feature of Indian rural life is the joint family system, which is one great reason why no poor-rates need to be levied. The members of a family hold together, and those who are earning salaries in Government posts, or in trade, help in supporting the old and decrepit and in educating the young, and if any old men or women are left without relations capable of supporting them, the

village voluntarily undertakes their maintenance. But sometimes calamity falls upon the whole village, and so little is the margin that separates them from want in ordinary years that distress then rapidly becomes acute and general, and often the whole village emigrates to more propitious regions. This may be brought about by a failure of the harvest, or by plague or fever. During the last few years of last century, and the first years of the present one, the village tragedies from the ravages of plague were terrible beyond the power of words to describe. In some cases most of the young men were serving in one or other of the regiments of the Indian army, and so escaped. They received letters telling them of the death of one relation after another; yet it was impossible to grant them leave, as they would have brought infection into the regiment and the perhaps uninfected town where the regiment was stationed. When finally they did return, it was to find their whole family swept away and the village empty. Yet only too often the people rejected the well-intentioned endeavours of the Government to stay the progress of the disease, and plague officers were often assaulted and more than one actually killed.

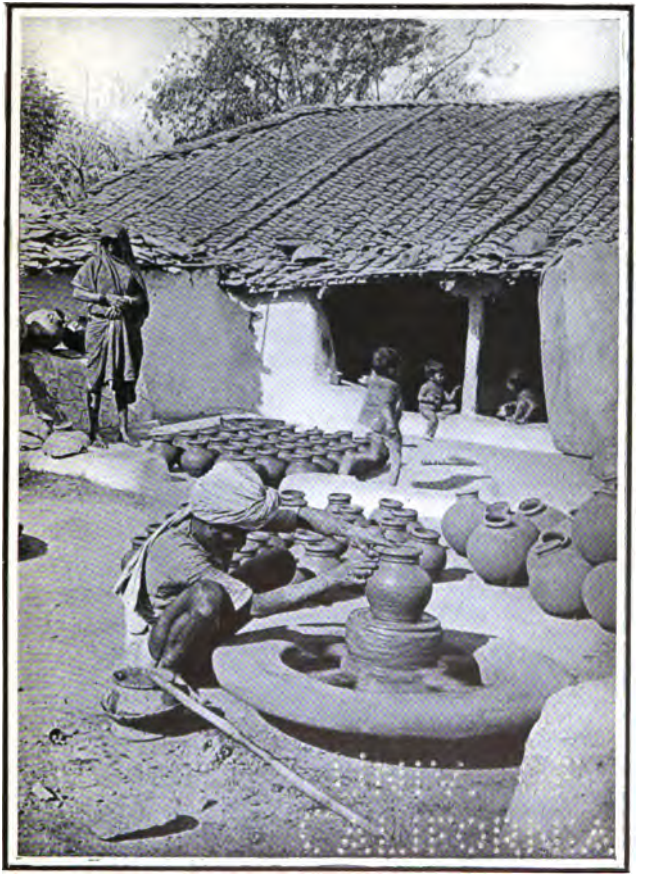
Sedition-mongers travelled about the villages, often in the disguise of faqirs, or mendicants, and told the people that the plague had been sent by Government to thin the population, that the rat-poison which was being distributed was only one

way of disseminating the disease and inoculating another.

It became in many places as much as a man's life was worth to sprinkle carbolic powder round his dwelling or drop a pill of potassium permanganate into a well. Many innocent natives who were found with suspicious pills or powders were butchered out of hand. A doctor friend of mine was on tour at this time in a district where he was known and trusted and was ordinarily besieged by patients, but now the people were suspicious even of him; in one village where there was a police-post the people hit on an original and ingenious way of solving their doubts. They took the medicines the first day, but instead of drinking them, they went unobserved to the tank where the police got their drinking-water and poured them all in. They reasoned that if their suspicions were well founded the police would sicken and die, and they would at least be rid of them, and if not they might fetch more medicine for themselves. No policeman got ill, so in a few days my friend had just as many patients as usual.

Even worse than plague is the fiend of famine, though fortunately the possibility of famine is restricted to certain districts, and with the extension of irrigation the famine areas are diminishing year by year. Famine is worst in districts where there are no rivers or canals, and where the harvest depends entirely on the monsoon rains. If these

fail whole regions become parched and bare, and their population has to emigrate or die, unless famine relief has come to the rescue in time. The first signs of famine are visible on the live-stock; there is no grass or fodder; the cows and buffaloes become gaunt and weak; they wander about listlessly in search of any dry blade of grass, but find none, and lie down to die. The people cannot sow, for the ground is hard, and the pinch of hunger compels them to eat even the seed which has been set apart for sowing, so that often when the rain does come they have nothing left to sow at all. When they have run through their store and the bins are all empty, and the loose grains lying about the house and yard have been searched for and devoured, they go out into the fields and gather grass-seeds and scrape the bark off the trees, and collect special kinds of earth and mix it up, too, in order to increase the bulk of their food and get some sense of fulness. Then they get dysentery, and first the children die, and the mothers having no milk for their babes, watch them pine and wither and waste away till they can stand it no longer, and stagger off along the road in the hope of finding succour, till they, too, drop down and die. The young men start off for some neighbouring district less hard hit, where they may beg a mouthful of bread or get a little work, or they go to some place near where Government has opened relief works and earn their pittance there. The



A VILLAGE POTTER.

The potter is a familiar figure in all Oriental poetry and literature. Notice the primitive wheel, which can be set up anywhere.

old men and the weaklings lie down in their houses and die, or crawl along the highroads, and become a prey to dogs and jackals. The Government always strains every nerve to send supplies into the affected districts; but where there are neither railroads nor cart-roads, and the area is large, and the information belated, it is impossible to do more than enable the strongest to eke out their existence till the rain comes, and then supply them with fresh seed and cattle; yet with the rapid extension of roads and railways each famine is less severe than the last, the mortality less, the Government more prepared, and the system of relief more complete.

The heroism of many of the famine officials, both English and Indian, men and women, has been touched on in reports, and depicted in jungle tales, but will never be fully known, for they are not the men and women who seek for other reward than that of knowing that they have done their duty, saved thousands of lives, and mitigated much suffering.

The famine officers have not only to dole out the grain, but they have to nurse the babies, to tend the sick, to burn the dead, and to stimulate the living to renewed effort, and instil fresh hope into the breasts of those who had sunk into the lethargy of despair.

CHAPTER X

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF THE BORDERLANDS

The Influence of the Himalayas—The Passes of the North-West—The Gates of India—The Pathans of the North-West—Feuds and Factions—Instance of Loyalty—Contrasts of Character—The Inhabitants of Kashmir—Their Skill in Mountaineering—Bridges and Boats—The People of the Himalayas—Nepal and Sikkim—Darjeeling.

THE history of a country is moulded by the character of its frontiers, and the character of its people is moulded by its physical geography and climatic conditions.

The Himalayas have made Northern India what it is, and have been its bulwark against its foes all down the ages.

The eternal snows of its mighty peaks have fed the broad rivers which have watered the boundless plains where teeming generations have lived and thought, and sold and bought, and vied and fought, from the time when the ancient dark-skinned Kolarian and Dravidian races were yet undisturbed by the flood of Aryan immigration, down to the age of railroads and telegraph lines.

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SUNRISE ON THE HIMALAYAS.

Not only Simla, the summer capital of the Government of India, but most of the hill resorts, are to be found in some part or other of this colossal range, which is undoubtedly one of the sublimest and most glorious ranges of mountains in the whole world.

Mountaineers of the Borderlands

In the thirteenth century, when that great conqueror and scourge of the human race, Jenghis Khan, was devastating China and Tibet and Turkestan, news was brought to him of the wealth and fertility of Hindustan, and he longed to glut his love of conquest there also. He found it inaccessible from the north-east, where mountains covered with trackless forest and impenetrable jungle formed an effectual barrier. He travelled westward through Tibet, but impassable glaciers and frowning precipices defied him and his army, and before he could attain the object of his quest he had to cross the lofty passes of the Hindu Kush and descend through the Khaibar and other passes of the North-West Frontier, and by this time the forces at his command had become so weakened by privations and wars that he was unable to make a long stay in the Punjab, and India escaped most of the enormities suffered by those countries of Asia which were less protected by Nature.

Hence these Indo-Afghan passes have been called "the Gates of India." Yet even as gates they are forbidding enough. If you would see them—and no physical feature in the whole of India is more worth study—make a day's excursion up the Khaibar from Peshawar, or perform the railway journey up the Bolan to Quetta.

The mountains are rugged, arid, stern, bare, and uninviting to a degree. Down at the bottom of a deep defile, between precipices which sheer

upwards and throw a gloom over the gorge between, lies the bed of a river, rough and boulder-strewn; and that is the road by which many an army has passed, and by which the caravans of the merchants and pilgrims and travellers still go constantly up and down.

Usually the stream is shallow and occupies only a fraction of its rugged bed, and then the caravans stumble along over the boulders dryshod, except where they have to ford the river in order to cut a corner, or skirt a precipice, or where the cliffs on either side draw in till the confined stream rushes noisily down, covering its bed from cliff to cliff. In these cases the water may reach up to the girths of the horseman's saddle. Here and there the stream falls placidly into a deep rock-bound pool, and the dark shadows of the cliffs above produce an awe-inspiring feeling of abysmal depths below. But when a sudden thunderstorm breaks on the mountains above and beyond you—and this often happens in the summer with but little warning—woe betide you if you and your animals do not hastily attain some elevated place out of reach of the torrent. First you hear a rushing, booming noise, and as this comes nearer and louder you see a wall of turbid water sweeping round the bend of the stream and carrying all before it, till in a few minutes the dry bed is turned into a caldron of turbid, seething water, with uprooted trees and bushes borne along with it. In 1879 a squadron of cavalry was caught in

A RUSTIC BRIDGE.

Two kinds of bridges are shown in the picture. In the one the passenger is seated in a rope-basket suspended from a hawser, and this basket with its living contents is hauled across by means of a second rope. The other and higher bridge is made of three strands of twisted hide, one below and two above. The traveller walks on the lower one, which is broadened by an interlacing of twigs, and holds on to the two upper ones on each side.

such a predicament, and numbers of the men and horses were carried away and drowned.

Like their rugged mountains are the mountaineers themselves—a race of hardy, brave, and dare-devil highlanders, tough in fibre and inured to hardship and daring, as great a contrast to the sleek and timid dwellers in the rice-fields of Bengal as you could possibly imagine.

You see their villages here and there on the hillside—a group of low huts built of uncut stones set in mud, surrounded by a 16-foot high wall of mud and stones, capped by a cheveaux-de-frise of thorny branches, and the whole dominated by a tower 30 to 50 feet high, which serves as a kind of keep for the whole village. In this tower the chief and his family sleep, and as the door is usually about 15 feet from the ground, and only reached by a ladder which is drawn up at night-time, they feel secure from the knife of the assassin. If the village is attacked, the warriors collect in the tower and keep up a fusillade from the embrasures, and even if the rest of the village is carried by assault the tower often holds out for a long time, and so well are its defenders protected by its thick mud and stone walls that in the absence of artillery or gun-cotton it is only possible to overcome them at the expense of much loss of life.

Across the Indian Border family and tribal feuds are constantly more or less rampant, and the country is seldom free from petty warfare, so

these towers play an important part in the life of the people. Frequently they are unable to cultivate lands that lie beyond rifle-range of the village, and a journey to a neighbouring town is a hazardous undertaking, while no one would venture away from their village by night. Thus these Pathan tribes of the North furnish abundant material to the recruiting officer of the Indian army; the men are familiar with war and bloodshed almost from the cradle. War-ditties have been their lullaby, and rifles and swords their playthings. Thay think nothing of taking the lives of others, and are reckless with their own. They are capable of great loyalty to their officers, and have frequently fought faithfully for their own regiment and officers against their own kith and kin.

Once an officer was reconnoitring with his Pathan soldiers on the Afghan Border, not far from the homes of some of his men. Suddenly one of his men sprang in front of him, took aim and fired. An armed Afghan was found behind a rock shot dead. Had the man not fired promptly he would in another moment have shot the officer. Next morning that soldier asked for twelve hours' leave to attend the funeral of his uncle. Seeing that they were in the enemy's country, the officer had some hesitation in granting it. It then transpired that the deceased was the very man who had been shot the day before, and the keen eye of the soldier had not only detected him

in his hiding, but recognized who it was that he felt it his duty to shoot in order to save the life of his officer. Many a time before the advent of the English, Afghan troops marched victoriously through North India, and their martial prowess and reckless daring spread terror and dismay wherever they came. For some hundreds of years Afghan Kings ruled at Delhi, and Afghan Generals carved out kingdoms of their own in various parts of the country, some of which, such as Bhopal and Tonk, remain under the rule of their descendants down to the present time.

Anyone who has seen how a single Afghan merchant or money-lender is able to terrorize a whole village in Bengal or South India, and exact his own terms from the timid villagers, can readily understand how this was brought about, and how, if the restraining hand of British rule were removed, it might readily occur again.

I was once on the platform of a large station in North India. It was a scorchingly hot day; a train was due from the Punjab, and the platform was crowded with a motley assembly of all sorts and conditions who all wanted to travel east. When the train steamed in twenty minutes late, the crowded carriages showed at once that it was a physical impossibility for all would-be travellers to find even standing room. Those nearest the windows had their heads out, frantically calling to the Muhammadan and Hindu water-carriers ("bihishtis," or heavenly ones, as they are called

in the expressive language of the East), who hurried to and fro in a desperate endeavour to slake the thirst of such a multitude in the few minutes that the train waited; they dared not leave their carriages lest return should be impossible, and those away from the windows had to do without. There was a group of Bengali villagers on the platform returning from some up-country "mela," or religious fair; they ran distractedly up and down the platform with their bundles, vociferating their determination to enter each carriage in turn, and anathematizing in loud and violent tones the occupants who were holding fast the doors, but failing to gain an entry anywhere. Then came a group of burly Pathans from the North-West Frontier, pedlars travelling eastwards with their wares. They were silent and unconcerned, walked leisurely up to a compartment which appeared already full enough, ignored the protestations of the occupants, forcibly opened the door, and soon ensconced themselves comfortably within, the other occupants evidently thinking it wiser to crowd up a little more themselves than to dispute. Lastly, I noticed a group of Jain priests in their characteristic robes, with stilted shoes and shaven heads, quietly fanning themselves amid the bustling throng. They wanted very badly to travel by that train, but it was not well to strive and struggle. The enlightened one must never suffer himself to be perturbed or excited; let them wait for the next train, per-

A NOVEL RAFT.

The skin of a buffalo or ox is prepared by sewing up the neck and three of the legs; the fourth leg is used for inflation, and is then secured with a piece of twine. The traveller straddles or lies across the skin and paddles himself along with hands and feet. Several skins tied together and surmounted by a native string bedstead form an excellent raft, by means of which passengers are taken safely across the swiftest rivers.

adventure there might be room in that, and it would be better to fan themselves a few hours longer on the platform than to ruffle the progress of their souls by the waves of contention.

The people of Kashmir differ from the Pathans, just as much as the green vales and peaceful rivers of their happy valley contrast with the rugged mountains and scanty streams of the Afghan Frontier. Nature has surrounded them with her most beautiful pictures, and showered on them from a veritable cornucopia of plenty, and they have become soft, cowardly, untruthful, and invertebrate in consequence. Were they not protected by the natural features of their country, they would fall a ready prey to marauding armies, and indeed many a general has allowed himself and his troops to lose their martial ardour while relaxing amid the charms of the peaceful valley, and the country, after successive conquests by Afghans, Sikhs, and others, finally came under the rule of a family of Dogra Rajputs, the first of whom, Gulab Singh, obtained it by purchase from the British Government after the last of the Sikh Wars had disposed of the sovereignty of Ranjit Singh, the Lion of the Punjab.

Though not martial in character, the Kashmiris are fine mountaineers, and some of the tracks by which they habitually scale mountains and pass along little buttressed paths on the faces of sheer precipices, even while carrying a heavy load on their back, seem more suited for mountain goats

than for men. When travelling into Kashmir from Rawal Pindi by the Jhelum Valley route, you will have the opportunity of trying the giddy bridges by which they cross the deep gorge of the river. One kind, as shown in the illustration, is merely a single rope of tough, twisted cowhide, tied from bank to bank; the passenger is seated in a little cradle which is suspended from this, and then pulls himself or is pulled across by a second smaller guiding rope. Another kind of bridge, also seen in the plate, is made of three ropes of braided twigs fastened into the ground at each bank after passing over an erection of logs and rocks which tend to give it some measure of stability. The traveller walks on the lowest of the three ropes and holds the other two in his hands, one on either side, and gazes down on the turbid dashing waters 40 or 60 feet below him. Even in the photograph the whirling, wheeling, and foaming waters sweeping down to the plains at more than twenty miles an hour, so that even with an instantaneous shutter their outlines become blurred, look sufficiently awe-inspiring. But the man on the bridge not only sees nothing between himself and the dashing rapids ready to engulf him, but the roar of the waters drowns everything else, and he cannot even hear a friend on the bank shouting to him. Sometimes the bridge snaps with its living freight; sometimes the villagers renew the ropes in time, and then become the victims of regret, thinking that

A HIMALAYAN VILLAGE.

This is one of the picturesque log villages on the lovely mountain sides of the Himalayas near Darjeeling.

they might have saved a few rupees by letting the bridge stand another year and taking the risks.

A peculiar mode of navigation in the Punjab rivers is shown in the next plate. Those uncanny-looking objects are inflated buffalo-skins, and they are useful both for crossing the river and for the river journey downstream. The apertures of the neck and of three of the legs are sewn up, and the navigator inflates the skin by the fourth leg. After floating to his destination down-stream, with his bundle tied safe and dry on his head or shoulders, he has merely to deflate the skin, roll it up, and return by land. The rivers are much too rapid to be navigated upstream, but the skin is quite light and easily carried. It takes some time for a novice to learn how to keep his balance, especially if sitting astride, but it is easier to lie across it resting on one's stomach and paddling with hands and feet. When several passengers, or luggage, have to be ferried across the river, a comfortable and safe raft is made by fastening several skins together and fixing the light, wooden and string bedsteads of the country over them.

Eastward of Kashmir the southern slopes of the Himalayas are inhabited by a number of sturdy, quiet, peaceable tribes.

They have enormous herds of cattle and sheep, but also cultivate Indian corn, millet, and a few other grains. Those in the neighbourhood of Simla

and other large hill-stations earn their living very largely by acting as porters, or by bringing loads of firewood, grass, fodder, and fruit into the bazaars of those stations, where they find a ready market during the summer months. In the winter the snowfall is so heavy that they cannot travel far from their homesteads, which are seen perched about on the hillsides.

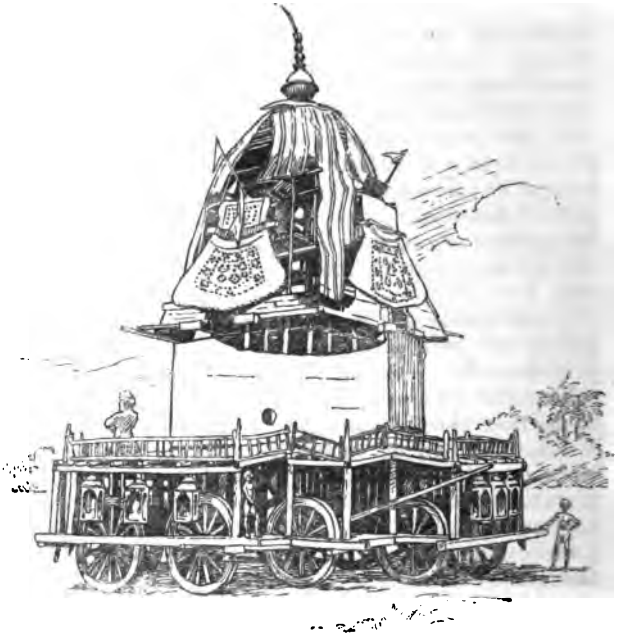
Their villages are more picturesque than clean, but though the interiors are close and dirty to a degree, the life of the people is so much in the open air, and the mountains are so salubrious, that they are a fine healthy race, who take life contentedly, leisurely, and peaceably, and are probably happier than those of equal station in the cities, who have more luxuries and fewer discomforts, but live in such a whirl of work and amusement, and under such insanitary conditions, that they become worn out in early age and readily fall a prey to disease. You see their shanties of uncut logs perched on almost inaccessible cliffs, or more pretentious, two or even three-storied buildings of logs and wattle built on the level spaces or "margs" among the mountains.

Still farther east we come on the independent kingdoms of Nepal, Bhutan, and Sikkim. Europeans are not allowed to enter these states, from which the sturdy little Goorkhas of our Indian Army are recruited, but we can see and study these in Darjeeling and the country round it.

Darjeeling is otherwise, too, quite worth a visit; its wonderful little railway, which crawls and curves and loops and gyrates and reverses and climbs up the steep spurs of the Himalayas, through dense forests of tropical luxuriance, and passes lovely tea-gardens basking on the hillsides, is of itself worth the journey; and in the town you will meet with strange faces and races which you have not seen elsewhere, while its bazaar is full of delightful curios and rich furs and strange brasses from Tibet itself. Here we are among a race of Mongolian origin, with the squat figure, lozenge-shaped eyes and all the martial ardour of that race.

Large numbers of Brahmans and Rajputs sought refuge in these mountains during the years of Muhammadan persecution, and from them are descended a mixed race in which Aryan and Mongolian blood commingle.

Like the Pathans on the North-West Frontier, these people furnish some of the finest fighting material of the Indian Army, and the Goorkha regiments have won themselves renown in many a campaign, while perhaps there are no soldiers in the Indian Army who fraternize so readily with the soldiers of the British regiments in India as these tough little men of Nepal.



THE CAR OF JUGGANAUT

GLOSSARY

Azán, the Muhammadan call to prayer.

Bágh, a garden.
Bálgir, a groom.
Batási, a kind of sweetmeat.
Bihishti, a water-carrier, popularly pronounced "bhishti," or even "beastie."
Burka, a veil or shroud worn by women who keep "parda" when they go out of doors. It completely envelopes the person.

Chadar, a kind of veil worn by women; a sheet.
Chumár, a low caste.
Chattri, a leather-worker; a monument to the noble dead (among Hindus).
Chauk, a room or place in a village where the men assemble and business is transacted.
Chauki, a posting-station.
Chaukidár, a watchman; a village policeman.
Chenár, a plane-tree.
Chit, a letter of recommendation; a character given to a servant.

Darri, a carpet; a small piece of carpet used for sleeping on or for wrapping round the bedding.

Ekka, a two-wheeled bamboo cart.

Glossary

Ghát, a bathing-place; steps on the bank of a river used for boats and bathing.

Kajowan, a basket or receptable for travelling on camel-back. One is slung on either side.
Khitmatgár, a table servant.

Lambardár, the headman of a village.
Langoti, a loin-cloth.
Laskkar, an army; a camp.

Málik, a village headman; a tribal chief.
Marg, a grassy plain among the mountains.
Méla, a religious festival.
Mughal, a tribe from Central Asia which invaded India and established the greatest of the Muhammadan dynasties.

Náib-tahsildár, the Government official next below a "tahsildár." "Náib" denotes "vice," or deputy.
Nambardár, a village headman.

Pagri, a turban.
Parda, the seclusion of women; a veil.
Patwári, a village bailiff.

Rath, an ox-cart.
Razai, a padded quilt.

Sádhu, a religious mendicant.
Sanyási, a recluse; a hermit.
Sári, the outer garment worn by the ladies of the Parsis and some Hindus.
Shikári, a hunter.
Suttee, properly "sati," the immolation of a widow on the pyre of her husband.

Tahsildár, a Government Revenue official and executive officer.
Thánadár, a police inspector.
Thug, a wayside robber.

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